

MEMOIRS
OF
MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

"Ridiculum acri
"Fortius et melius magnas plerumque fecat res."
HOR.

"Ridicule shall frequently prevail,
"And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail."
FRANCIS.

BATH, PRINTED BY R. CRUTTWELL,
FOR
G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATER-NOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1800.

MEMOIRS

MODERN PHILOSOPHERS

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. II.



LONDON: PRINTED BY J. GUTHRIE.

G. AND J. ROBINSON, LONDON-ROBINSON.

1800.

CHAP. I.

"Folks prone to leasifg

"Say things at first, because they're pleasing;

"Then prove what they have once asserted,

"Nor care to have their lye deserted;

"Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,

"And oft repeating, they believe 'em."

PRIOR.

THE miseries of war, of famine, and of pestilence, had all been experienced by Captain Delmond; but the combined horrors of this triple scourge of human kind fell short of what he endured the night of Julia's misfortune. At one time, exasperated into madness at the idea of her clandestine correspondence with a person whom, as a visitor of Glib's, he could

not imagine to be a gentleman, he breathed forth threatenings and invectives. The artifice she had used to deceive him—the ingratitude which gave birth to that artifice—was a thought which rankled in his soul, and like the barbed dart peculiar to some savage tribes, could not even be touched without the extreme of torture. Anon he saw his darling child in pain! her life perhaps in danger! In a moment her errors were forgotten, and his whole soul melted into an agony of tenderness.

The sharp pangs of bodily pain were soon added to the poignancy of mental suffering. By the agitation of his mind the gout was thrown into his stomach, and he became so dangerously ill, that about four in the morning Mrs. Delmond was obliged to send for Mr. Gubbles, who administered a cordial draught, which tended to quiet the pain; and, as day advanced, exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

He

He awoke somewhat more composed, and instantly enquired for Julia. No account of her had yet been received. Fretted at his wife's neglect, in not having dispatched some one to know how she had passed the night, he desired that Mrs. Delmond might herself instantly set out to see her daughter, and to order her every necessary attendance, and every comfort, that it was possible to administer in her present situation.

"I have, perhaps, blamed my poor girl too much," said he. "She told me she had seen this gentleman at Mrs. Botherim's; it may be only accident that has now thrown him in her way. Do not, therefore, drop a hint of my having suspected her of deceit; it would wound the poor child too severely to think that I could impute to her a deviation from those principles of honour which I have so carefully inculcated, and which she has ever so invariably maintained. Give her my blessing,

sing, and tell her that I live but in her happiness and safety."

Mrs. Delmond hastily prepared to obey her husband's orders. She indeed felt more anxiety herself concerning Julia than she had ever experienced on any former event of her life. Though sometimes inclined to be a little jealous of the manifest partiality of her husband for his daughter, which extended so far, that though she could seldom please him in settling the little accommodations with which his valetudinary state required him to be surrounded, no sooner did Julia place the footstool, or adjust the cushion, than all was right; and such praises bestowed on the dexterity of the daughter, as glanced a reproach upon the wife. Yet was the jealousy thus excited divested of its sting by the demeanour of Julia. Such was the sweetness of her temper, such the generous pains she always took to put every thing her mother did in the most advantageous point of view, and
such

such her solicitude to soften the little asperities that sometimes fell from her father, that she could not fail to endear herself to her mother, so as entirely to engross her affections.

The affections of Mrs. Delmond were not, it is true, of that ardent nature which is for ever tremblingly alive—ever ready to torment itself with the extreme of anxiety and disquiet. Mrs. Delmond took things more calmly;—she very implicitly relied on the assurances of Dr. Orwell, that Julia would completely recover the consequences of the accident she had so unfortunately met with; and but for the illness of Captain Delmond, she would have slept very soundly on the faith of these assurances. There was, however, one circumstance on which Doctor Orwell could not give her the satisfaction she wished for; her curiosity concerning the gentleman who accompanied her daughter was still unsatisfied. In the hope of obtaining information

formation upon this point, she pursued her walk with unusual alacrity.

On her arrival at the farm, she was conducted to the apartment where poor Julia was suffering an extreme degree of pain, but suffering it with heroic fortitude and resolution. The shabbiness of the apartment was the first thing that attracted the attention of Mrs. Delmond. ‘Dear me!’ said she to Miss Orwell, as she entered, ‘what a pitiful place this is! White-washed walls! check curtains! to be sure it is very wretched; but how is Julia?’

“Is that my mother’s voice?” cried Julia, in feverish agitation.

‘Yes, my love!’ said Miss Orwell, ‘but you know the doctor strictly prohibits your speaking. Both Doctor Sydney and Mr. Gubbles think Miss Delmond will do very well, if she keeps herself quiet; and I dare say you, Madam, will agree with me in enforcing a strict observance of their injunctions.’

“Oh,

“ Oh, yes;” said Mrs. Delmond, “ she certainly must not speak, if they forbid it; but how long is she to be confined to this place?”

‘ Let me but see my mother,’ said Julia, ‘ and I will be satisfied.’

Mrs. Delmond approached the bedside, and put out her hand, which was eagerly grasped by Julia. ‘ My mother! you are too kind in coming to see me; but oh, my father! is he not enraged at his Julia?’

Mrs. Delmond would have replied, but Harriet insisted so much on the injunctions of the physicians, which the apprehensions of fever rendered it necessary punctually to observe, that she prevented her from speaking, and in a short time prevailed on her to quit the room.

She was led by Harriet into a small stone-floored parlour, which, in lieu of the white sand with which it had been strewed, was now neatly covered with a carpet. This was the work of Harriet, who had,
in

in her quiet but active manner, already made such improvements in the appearance both of this room and of that which was occupied by Julia, that they now assumed a very different aspect from that which they had worn the preceding evening. Having early in the morning sent to her aunt for such things as she thought most wanted, she received, by the provident attention of that good lady, an abundant supply of every necessary, and of every article which she thought could in any wise contribute to the ease or comfort of the poor sufferer. These Harriet had so judiciously arranged, that the apartment of Julia no longer appeared incommodious or uncomfortable; and yet so softly had she glided about the performance of her operations, that the noise of her footsteps had never reached the ears of her unfortunate friend.

Mrs. Delmond was no sooner seated, than she began to enquire of Miss Orwell
what

what she knew of the gentleman who had accompanied her daughter to Castle-Villers; but to her great mortification found that Harriet could give her little information on the subject, except the account of his misfortune.

“I am sure it has been a sad business for me,” said Mrs. Delmond; “I was obliged to be up the greatest part of the night with the Captain, who made himself so ill, I had to send for Mr. Gubbles to give him some stuff. It was very ill done of Julia, to be sure, to go with a person we none of us knew; I thought it would have killed her father, the very thoughts of it. I dare say, now, he will be quite cross the whole day.”

Harriet had, from some hints dropped by Julia in the course of the night, learned that all was not just as it should be. She evidently saw, that some mystery hung over the subject of the expedition, and that the mind of Julia suffered from the
secret

secret consciousness of some act of indiscretion. But so little had Harriet of the prying spirit of curiosity, so easily could she controul the feelings of her well-regulated mind, that so far from diving into the source of Julia's disquiet, she had been at much pains to turn her thoughts from the subject of uneasiness. The same spirit of animated benevolence made her now use all her endeavours to persuade Mrs. Delmond, that Julia would be fully able to vindicate herself, and to give such an explanation of the circumstances that had incurred her father's displeasure, as would prove entirely satisfactory.

“Aye, to be sure,” said Mrs. Delmond, “she can easily get about him at any time. The very last word he said to me was, to be sure to give her his blessing.” She then entered on a querulous lamentation concerning the length of time that must necessarily elapse before Julia could be brought home; “which,” she said, “she
was

was sure would be a sad time to her, as the Captain would be so cross all the while, that nobody could please him."

To this Harriet found it impossible to make any reply; a silence of some minutes ensued, after which Mrs. Delmond, having coldly thanked Miss Orwell for her kindness, took her departure, to the great satisfaction of Harriet, whose warm and generous heart revolted at the cold selfishness which was too visibly displayed in the course of the conversation to escape her observation. When she returned to the poor pain-racked Julia, she softly whispered, that she had dismissed her mother, who would, however, come again to see her, as soon as she was better able to support conversation.

'She is then gone,' said Julia; 'gone, without speaking a word to me concerning my father! Alas! I fear he is too much displeased with me to bear the mention of my name.'

"On

“On the contrary,” said Harriet, “he charged your mother with his dearest blessing for you. Make yourself easy, then, my dear Julia! be assured that your father is only anxious concerning your recovery.”

“Perhaps, then, he does not know who accompanied me?” cried Julia, seeming to revive at the thought.

“Perhaps not,” said Harriet, “so make yourself easy; and here is something good for you, which it is now time for you to take,” pouring out a draft which had been ordered by the Doctor. Julia swallowed the medicine, and somewhat reanimated by the hopes inspired by her friend, she continued in silent patience to endure the pain which the tight ligature every minute rendered more intolerable.

While the amiable Harriet was personally engaged in attending upon her companion, she did not forget the stranger who had shared in her misfortune. He experienced the benefit of her considerate
attention

attention in a number of little comforts, of which the sick nurse who had come to wait on Julia, but whom Harriet had sent to Vallaton, would never of herself have thought.

He kept his bed the whole day, and had, about five in the afternoon, fallen into a profound slumber, from which he was roused by the noise of many tongues; a noise sufficiently loud not only to disturb the repose of Vallaton, but to awaken the nurse, who was sweetly snoring in the easy chair.

This uproarious din was soon explained by the entrance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, accompanied by Bridgetina, and followed by the mistress of the house, who expostulated with great emphasis upon the impropriety of so many people going altogether into the sick chamber, when both the old Doctor and the young one had particularly desired her to see that no more than one at a time was permitted to enter it.

“ But

“But I am sure, sir,” said she, hastily drawing the curtains, and elevating her voice to a still higher key, “I am sure you must do me the justice to free me from any blame, if so be, as how, that the noise do you any harm. I am sure I did all I could to hinder it; and so I hope you will tell the young Doctor, for to be sure he is so civil, one would not disoblige un for the world.”

While the landlady attacked the ears of Vallaton from one side of the bed, Citizen Glib assailed him from the other. ‘Sad mishap, Citizen Vall! hast got a cursed tumble, broke half a dozen bones, eh? Vile things them gigs, but never mind: no gigs among the Hottentots. No break-neck curricles in the Gonoquais horde. Every one trusts to his own legs. That’s it! The Hottentots are the only true philosophers after all.’

“But how did the accident happen?” said Mr. Myope, addressing him from the foot of the bed.

‘What

‘What motive,’ said Bridgetina, (who had now taken the place of the landlady at the right side) ‘What motive could induce the horse to act in such a reprehensible manner?’

In this tumult of tongues, it was some time before Mr. Vallaton, who was somewhat weakened by a slight degree of fever, could exert his voice sufficiently to be heard. He at length proceeded to answer the interrogatories of his friends, by giving an account of the manner in which the accident happened, laying the blame of the whole catastrophe entirely upon the poor horse.

In this it however appears, that Mr. Vallaton did the noble animal great injustice. To clear the character of this deserving creature, and to wipe away those aspersions so unjustly thrown upon his reputation, we shall proceed to throw such light upon the subject, as may, perhaps, serve to shew him more deserving of pity than of censure.

Be

Be it then known to the reader, that the groom, who received the General's orders for putting up the carriage, had been brought up in a strict observance of the rules of military discipline: those rules which, according to the opinion of the great monarch to whom mankind are indebted for the greatest improvements *en Part militaire*, may in time, if properly practised, bring a great part of the human race into the desirable state of automats.

This well-trained groom no sooner received the orders of his master, than he gave a prompt obedience to his commands; but as these commands only extended to putting up the chaise, and as taking off the harness, rubbing down the horse, and giving him either food or water, made no part of his orders, he very properly stopped short at the point of literal obedience, and presumed not to harbour a single thought of the consequences.

However

However agreeable the conduct of the groom might have been to some veteran theorists, the poor horse did not much relish the effects of this perfection of discipline. He felt encumbered with the weight of his harness, and was soon tired of champing the bit of his bridle, which he would willingly have exchanged for a mouthful of hay, or a few oats. But in vain did he utter his complaints, in vain did he neigh to every passing footstep; he was unheard, or at least unheeded, by any servant in the family. The domestics of General Villers were indeed all inspired with such lofty sentiments, as to conceive no small contempt for such of their master's visitors as came unaccompanied by a train of lacqueys; how then could they be expected to pay any regard to an animal that meanly condescended to draw an unattended gig?

Notwithstanding the honour of having passed the day in a stable which cost some

thousand pounds in the erection, the parson's horse was extremely happy when he found himself on the way to his own comfortable home. He went on with eagerness; but alas! his strength did not second his inclination. Though a horse ecclesiastic, he had not been accustomed to keep Lent; and fasting agreed so ill with his constitution, that it occasioned a weakness which made him altogether incapable of recovering the fatal trip which was productive of such deplorable consequences.

From a description of the accident, Mr. Vallaton was led to mention the pain he had sustained by the broken arm, the dislocated shoulder, and the bruises which he felt all over his body.

"I cannot but congratulate you," said Bridgetina, "on the glorious opportunity you now enjoy of proving the omnipotence of mind over matter. What is pain to those who resolve not to feel it? Physical causes sink into nothing, when compared

red with those that are moral. Happy had it been for the world, if not only your arm, but every bone in your body had been broken, so that it had been the means of furnishing mankind with a proof of the perfectibility of philosophical energy!"

'Nothing can be more truly philosophical than the observation of Citizeness Botherin,' said Mr. Myope; "and I make no doubt, from the known powers of my friend Vallaton, that if every bone in his body had been broken, he would have effected a reunion of the parts by his own exertion. As for pain, it is a mere vulgar prejudice; a weakness which will vanish before the light of philosophy, and, in a more advanced state of society, be utterly unknown.'

"It most unfortunately happens, though, (replied Vallaton, writhing in great agony, from an attempt to move) it unfortunately happens, that one's energies are apt to desert one, at the very time they

are most wanted. I think I have seen you make wry faces at the rheumatism before now; but no rheumatism in the world ever occasioned half the pain I feel."

'I grant you,' returned Myope, 'that even a philosopher may sometimes be taken by surprise. Besides, in a corrupt state of society, where many people believe in a God, the existence of laws and government generates weakness, which no one can entirely escape; the energies cannot arrive at that state of perfection to which they will be found to approximate, as soon as these existing causes of depravity have been entirely removed.'

"All removed among the Hottentots!" cried Glib. "No obstacles to perfectibility among the Gonoquais. No priests! No physicians! All exert their energies.— Broken bones healed in a twinkling."

Here Mr. Glib was interrupted by a loud groan from Vallaton, whose pillow the energetic citizen had, in the vehemence
of

of his action, drawn from under the lame shoulder; which, in spite of the mind's omnipotence, resented the loss of its supporter in a manner that made the tears find their way into the sufferer's eyes. Mr. Myope no sooner observed the misfortune, than he good-naturedly went round to remedy it, by adjusting the pillow; in which charitable office he was employed, when Henry Sydney, who was with his sister on the way to Julia's apartment, hearing the groans of Vallaton, hastily entered the room, to enquire the cause. Having received information on that head, he began to make other enquiries, which he concluded by asking the patient whether he had had any sleep?

To this Vallaton replied, that "he had been prevented by pain from closing his eyes all the night and morning; but that he had just fallen into a very profound slumber a little before the arrival of his friends."

' Charming

‘Charming proof of perfectibility!’ said Bridgetina. ‘I sincerely congratulate you on being able for so long a time to ward off the great foe of human genius, the degrader of the noblest faculties of the mind! How fortunate it was that we should arrive in time to save you from falling into that torpid and insensible state, from which it will be the glory of philosophy to free the human race!’

“I hope philosophy will pardon me,” said Henry, “if I take the liberty of declaring, that a good sound sleep will be very serviceable in the present instance; and that I must therefore entreat the gentleman may be left at liberty to enjoy it.”

‘To one who has not accurately investigated the powers of the mind,’ said Mr. Myope, ‘sleep may doubtless appear useful, nay, in some degree necessary; but to those who have carried their enquiries further, it is evident that mind, being omnipotent over matter, may exert that omnipotence over every

every part of the animal economy; and that not only sleep, but death itself, may yield to its controul.'

"If the investigators of mind took the trouble to extend their investigations to the nature of organized bodies," replied Henry, "they would probably arrive at very different conclusions."

'What a lamentable thing it is,' said Bridgetina, 'that a mind like Doctor Sydney's should be thus warped by prejudice! Yes, my amiable friend, you are possessed of powers which might generate happiness to the human race; and it can only be attributed to the present unjust and odious constitutions of society, that these powers are, by the prevalence of vulgar errors, obstructed in their progress to perfection. Miserable prejudice! which shuts its eyes against the truth; which listens to arguments that would impress conviction upon every impartial hearer, and is astonished at their futility! To any unprejudiced understanding,

derstanding, would not the circumstance of Mr. Vallaton's having wanted sleep for a period of more than forty hours incontestibly prove the possibility of living without it altogether? Would not any impartial person be at once convinced, that if, by the exertions of his mind, he could ward off the sluggish foe to mental energy for such a length of time, he might, by a continuation of the same exertion, ward it off for ever? And yet such are the deplorable prejudices of the greater part of mankind, that the very length of time he has been kept awake, would to them appear an argument in favour of the necessity of his now indulging in repose.'

"The statement of Citizeness Botherim is equally judicious and profound," said Mr. Myope. "But though it be impossible to set any bounds to the operations of mind, it is not in the present miserable state of society, that her operations can be expected to arrive to such perfection.

Vulgar

Vulgar prejudices are in their nature so obstinate, that it is possible some ages may elapse, before sleep will be considered as altogether unnecessary. And therefore as every wise man would wish the progress of improvement to be gradual and moderate, it may be more adviseable not to urge the citizen to a further exertion of his energies, in refraining from sleep entirely. It is sufficient that he has already given a proof of what may be done; and I hope that by exerting his powers towards knitting the broken bones, he will soon give a still more illustrious evidence of the omnipotence of mind."

'Ay,' said Glib, 'that's it! Energies are the only true doctors. Energies do all. Energies cheat the undertaker, and make a man live for ever. Never mind broken bones. All trifles to philosophers.'

The philosophy of Mr. Vallaton was put to a severe trial by the length of this conversation, which was at last happily concluded

concluded at the earnest request of Henry, whose prejudices were very strong in favour of the patient's obtaining a little repose.

Henry now proceeded to enquire for Julia, and was followed by Bridgetina into the parlour, where Harriet Orwell waited to receive them. She had left Maria with the fair sufferer, into whose room Henry was introduced. He found her so low and feverish, that he requested Miss Botherin to postpone her intended visit to some other opportunity. Bridgetina then enquired, whether he would not walk home with her?

"He was extremely sorry that it would not be in his power, as he waited for Mr. Gubbles, and should not depart till he saw how Miss Delmond was after the ligature had been relieved."

"Did not Miss Orwell and Miss Sydney go home that night?"

"No: Maria intended sitting up with Miss Delmond, and Harriet was to sleep in a settee bed, which had been put up for her in the parlour."

Bridgetina,

Bridgetina, to whom the idea of a moonlight walk with Henry was very charming, expressed her desire to wait for him, in terms that ought to have been sufficiently flattering; but unfortunately, Henry either wanted sense to take her hints, or gallantry to avail himself of them. He cruelly urged her departure with the philosophers, on pretence of the appearance of rain; and as Miss Orwell did not invite her stay, she found herself obliged to comply with his entreaty, with which, as his regard for her health was the ostensible motive, she could not be displeased.

Myope and Glib had already advanced some paces on the road, and Bridgetina was too well pleased with the opportunity of enjoying her meditations upon the conduct of Henry, to be very anxious to overtake them.

‘Yes,’ said she, aloud, ‘it is evident he loves. Whence, but from that transporting source, could the solicitude he evinced

evinced for my health be possibly derived? How anxious did he seem for my departure? How did his fine eyes sparkle with pleasure, when he saw me about to comply with his request? How eager was his solicitude? How tender his regard for my safety? How did he watch the clouds, as if apprehensive of their injuring the object of his wishes? This tide of tenderness enchants my very soul! It tingles through my veins, and wraps my senses in delirium! And shall I not indulge the sweet sentiments of nature that now inspire my breast? Shall a false regard for the debasing and immoral institutions of a corrupt society deter me from making a suitable return to his enchanting tenderness? No: forbid it philosophy! forbid it love! From this moment—

Here the soliloquy of Bridgetina was unfortunately interrupted; and never did the soliloquy of a love-sick maiden receive interruption from a more indignified source.

source. While pouring out the effusions of her tender heart in the middle of the highway, she was too much occupied by her *feelings* to observe the approach of a drove of pigs, which at length advanced upon her so fast as to prevent the possibility of retreat. She was surrounded on all sides in a moment. The obstreperous and unmanageable animals, not contented with terrifying her by their snorting and grunting, (a species of music very little in unison with the tender feelings) pushed her about from side to side in a most ungente manner. She, however, contrived for some time to keep her ground, calling out to the pig-drivers for assistance. Alas! the pig-drivers were no less deaf to her supplications than were the pigs they drove. Both seemed wickedly to enjoy her distress; nor was the grunting of the one species of brutes more unpleasant to her ears, than the loud laugh which was set up by the other. At length a violent push from
a huge

a huge untoward beast laid her prostrate on the ground, and completed the climax of her misfortune.

The pig-drivers now came to her relief, and quickly raised her from the ground. She had happily received no bodily injury from her fall, but was not a little mentally hurt by the grin which was visible in the countenance of her deliverers. ‘Are ye not ashamed,’ cried she, with great warmth, ‘to rejoice in an accident which has befallen a fellow-mortal by your negligence? Miserable and unhappy wretches! Ye have indeed the shape of men, but ye want all the more noble distinguishing characteristics of the species. As far as relates to any intellectual improvement, ye might as well have been born in Otaheite.’

The answer of the pig-drivers would have impelled Bridgetina to an immediate retreat, but that one of the men had still hold of an umbrella which she had dropped in her fall, and with which he refused to part without some compensation. “Make

“ Make her gi’ ye a bufs for it,” said one of the fellows, laughing.

‘ An’t were a pretty las,’ said the other, ‘ that a would; but a bufs from such a little, ugly, ricketty witch, a’nt worth taking.’

Not all the philosophy of Bridgetina could support her any longer. Indignantly turning from the unenlightened rustic, she burst into tears, nor could she repress her sobs on the appearance of Mr. Myope and Mr. Glib, who had returned in search of her, and came up while she was still in conference with the pig-drivers, of whose behaviour she immediately began bitterly to complain.

“ It was surely very rude to drive your pigs upon a lady,” said Mr. Myope to the men.

‘ Did not she see un?’ returned one of the fellows. ‘ The pigs were goying peaceably along the way, when she run her nose into the very midst o’em. Gin a
had

had been as blind as a buzzard, a might ha' heard un squeak.'

Mr. Myope perceiving how little was to be gained by expostulation, gave the fellow a sixpence for the umbrella, and taking Bridgetina under his protection, conducted her in safety to her mother's door;

CHAP. II.

"With sense refin'd,

"Learning digested well; exalted faith,

"Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay."

THOMSON.

IN the course of the ensuing fortnight, Bridgetina had the happiness of enjoying frequent opportunities of meeting with the object of her tender hopes. For these opportunities she so indefatigably watched, that not one visit did Henry pay to the invalids at the farm, without his having the pleasure of being either accompanied, or followed, or met on his return by the love-inspired maiden; who took so little pains to conceal her passion, that he must have been very stupid indeed, if he remained ignorant of her partiality.

For all the multiplied proofs of tenderness which he every day received, we are sorry to confess that Henry was exceedingly ungrateful. So little did he know how to estimate the value of the metaphysical harangues with which Bridgetina always came prepared, that though previous to her entrance he had been only chatting on indifferent topics with Harriet Orwell, he seemed to regard her appearance as a very undesirable interruption.

Happy for Bridgetina her perception was not very acute! Having determined in her own mind that Henry should be her lover, she interpreted every part of his conduct in her own favour; and persisted in believing, that notwithstanding his saying so little in favour of the new philosophy, its profound principles had made a sufficient impression upon his mind, which he was only deterred from acknowledging by the circumstances of his present situation; could that situation be fortunately changed, she

she had no doubt that he would gladly throw off the yoke of prejudice, and would in the philosophical galaxy become a star of the first magnitude. For this emancipation, the intended expedition to the coast of Africa would furnish him with a most favourable opportunity, which he would doubtless be happy to embrace. No longer bound in the adamant chain with which the opinions of society cruelly fetters its unhappy slaves, his mind would then expand in all the energy of affection, and give a loose to the soul-touching tenderness of love.

She had not as yet thought proper to drop any hint of the proposed emigration; but by extravagant encomiums on the Hottentots, she sedulously prepared the way; and having prevailed on Henry to peruse the travels of Vaillant, she considered his praises of the work as a sufficient testimony of the impression it had made upon his mind.

The great plan, whose extensive consequences embraced no less an object than that of new modelling the human race, was now considerably advanced. Vallaton, who, after a few days confinement at the farm, returned to Mr. Glib's, entered into it with warmth. His superior activity entitled him to take the lead, and after a faint refusal, he was prevailed on to assume the conduct of the enterprize; to receive the money that should be raised for carrying it into execution, and to manage this common fund for the general benefit.

Mr. Myope, in quality of secretary, wrote a circular letter to the enlightened, of which the following is a faithful copy.

"To Citizen of
 "Who is there deserving of the title of philosopher, that does not feel the aggravated evils which the present odious institutions of society impose on its wretched victim? Who is there among the enlightened,

lightened, *the men without a God*, that does not wish to escape from this world of misery, where the prejudices of mankind are ever preparing for him the bitter draught of obloquy and contempt? Are not all our energies wasted in the fruitless lamentation of irremediable evils; and our powers blunted, and rendered obtuse, by the obstacles which the unjust institutions of society throw in the way of perfectibility?

“ Who is there among us, whom the unequal distribution of property does not fill with *envy, resentment, and despair?* *Who is there among us, that cannot recollect the time when he secretly called in question the arbitrary division of property established in society, and felt inclined to appropriate to his own use many things, the possession of which appeared to him desirable?** And yet for these noble and natural sentiments, (when reduced to action) the unjust and arbitrary institutions of society have pre-

* Pol. Jus. vol. i. 4to. edn. p. 89.

pared prisons and fetters! The odious system of coercion is exerted to impose the most injurious restraints on these salutary flights of genius; and property is thus hemmed in on every side.

“Nor is the endeavour to get rid of the encumbrances by which we are weighed down, less abortive, or attended with consequences less deplorable.

“Has any of us, in the ferment of youthful passion, bound himself by marriage? In vain does he struggle to throw off the yoke; he is bound by the chains of this absurd and *immoral institution*, and restrained from seeking in variety the renovating charm of novelty, that rich magazine from which the materials of knowledge are to be derived.

“Who would not gladly escape from this scene of misery? Who would not rejoice to anticipate that reasonable state of society, with all those improvements which true philosophy will, in the course of
of

of a few ages, generate throughout the world?

“Is he at a loss where to fly? Does he fear that the debasing restraint imposed by religion, and laws, and notions of government, will meet him in every direction, and pursue him to the farthest corner of the world? Let him rejoice to learn, that there is yet a refuge for philosophy; that there is now a region where the whole of our glorious system is practised in its full extent. In the interior parts of Africa an exalted race of mortals is discovered, who so far from having their minds cramped in the fetters of superstition, and their energies restrained by the galling yoke of law, do not so much as believe in a Supreme Being, and have neither any code of laws, nor any form of government!

“Let us join this pure and enlightened race! Let us hasten to quit the *corrupt wilderness of ill-constituted society, the rank and rotten soil from which every finer shrub*
draws

*draws poison as it grows.** Let us seek in the philosophical society of the Hottentots that happier field and purer air, where talents and sentiments may *expand into virtue, and germinate into general usefulness.*

“Does any female citizen groan under the slavish and unnatural yoke of parental authority, or wish to shake off the chains of the odious and immoral institution, to which so much of the depravity of the world may be traced? Let her embrace the opportunity that is now offered, to obtain the glorious boon of liberty: let her hasten to become a member of that society, where her virtues will be duly honoured, and her energies expand in the wide field of universal utility.

“Is any philosopher thoroughly convinced of the truth of these gloomy representations of the present virtue-smothering state of society, which he has been at so much pains to propagate? In the bosom

* See Caleb Williams.

of the Gonoquais horde, let him seek an asylum from the oppressive hand of political institution, and from all *obligations to the observance of that common honesty which is a non-conductor to all the sympathies of the human heart.**

“As in the dark and gloomy wilderness which we at present so unfortunately inhabit, there is no possibility of moving without money, a sum must of necessity be raised to freight a ship, and lay in requisites for the voyage. Contributions for this purpose will be received by Citizen Vallaton, who has generously undertaken the conduct of the important enterprize. As it is probable that many philosophers may not be provided with specie, from such as have it not in their power to contribute their quota in cash, any sort of goods will be received that can be converted into articles of general utility. As an example worthy of imitation, we here

* See Godwin's Enquirer.

think

think it necessary to inform our fellow-citizens, that Citizen Glib has bestowed the whole of his circulating library upon the society. The superfluous books, such as history, travels, natural philosophy, and divinity, are to be sold for the benefit of the fund. The novels and metaphysical essays are reserved for the instruction of the philosophers.

“ By order of the Hottentotian Committee, BEN. MYOPE, Sec.”

The recovery of Mr. Vallaton was sufficiently rapid, but still his mind suffered the most cruel apprehensions on account of his lovely mistress.

For the effects of the accident, he had now no reason to entertain any anxiety. He had received the pleasing assurance, that her recovery would be speedy and complete. But as it was impossible for him to be admitted to an interview, he could not avoid some tormenting forebodings of the effect

effect that so long a period of serious reflection might produce upon her mind. Her being constantly surrounded by the Orwells, he considered as a circumstance extremely inauspicious. Though personally unacquainted with any of the family, he was no stranger to the character of all its members, and greatly dreaded the baneful effects of their prejudices upon the susceptible heart of Julia.

The alarm of Mr. Vallaton was without foundation. Harriet Orwell had too much delicacy and good-sense officiously to obtrude her opinions, even upon her most intimate friends. She evidently saw that Julia had imbibed some notions which she considered to be erroneous; but so high an opinion did she entertain of the strength of her understanding, and the goodness of her heart, that she had no doubt but that a little observation and reflection would render her fully sensible of these errors, and open her mind to the reception of truths

truths so consonant to the virtues of her disposition.

Had Miss Orwell been ever so much inclined to the conversion of Julia, she would not have considered the season of pain and languor as proper for the attempt. She thought it more conducive to the recovery of her friend to amuse than to perplex her; and by every engaging art endeavoured to raise her spirits, and to beguile the weary hours of confinement.

The mind of Julia, naturally grateful, tender, and affectionate, could not be insensible to the soothing attentions of the animated and ever-cheerful Harriet; but in vain did she endeavour to assume the appearance of that cheerfulness and serenity, which her friend so assiduously laboured to inspire. That she had deservedly forfeited the confidence of her father was ever present to her recollection, and brought with it a consciousness of degradation that oppressed her soul.

Much

Much did she long to acquaint Harriet with all that had passed, and to ask her advice concerning her future conduct; but the consciousness of having deserved disapprobation, and the dread of incurring contempt, deterred her from a confession of her errors; while her pride revolted at the idea of acknowledging, that the boasted principles of honour had not preserved her from being guilty of the meanness of a falsehood.

Few days passed without a visit from the worthy rector, at whose appearance the delight that sparkled in the countenance of Harriet was sufficiently expressive of her filial love, while her whole behaviour indicated confidence, respect, and gratitude. She never spoke of him without emotion, nor could Julia without emotion listen to the effusions of her filial tenderness. One day, when talking upon this subject, Harriet, in the fulness of her heart, exclaimed, "Surely no sensation is so sweet

as

as that a child enjoys from the fond affection of a worthy parent. How dreadful must it be to forfeit it! I do not think that any thing the world could offer, could recompense me for suffering one hour of my father's serious displeasure."

"And did you never incur his displeasure?" said Julia.

"If ever I did, it was but for a moment," said Harriet; "and so exactly was his displeasure proportioned to the offence, that it only served to encrease my reverence and gratitude."

"I should not have been surprised at what you say," replied Julia, "if Doctor Orwell had been a necessarian; as no necessarian can, upon principle, ever be offended at any thing; but free-willers are generally passionate and vindictive."

"I know nothing about these things," said Harriet, "and never heard my father say whether he was an advocate for free-will or necessity; but this I know, that the rule

rule he has laid down to himself for the government of his temper is an admirable one, and has effectually secured him from being guilty of the injustice of wrathful passion."

'And pray, my dear,' said Julia, 'what may this rule be?'

"Never to be offended at any thing that is not in itself immoral, and consequently subject to the Divine displeasure," rejoined Harriet. "What is no offence in the eye of God, is (he says) no subject for the sharp rebuke of man."

'I must own,' replied Julia, 'the voice of anger could not often be heard in a family, where every offence was measured by such a scale.'

"No," rejoined Harriet, "and we should indeed be wretches, if we were not truly sensible of our happiness."

'Well, but after all,' said Julia, 'it is still to your own goodness that you owe the forbearance of your father. Supposing

sing that you were ever to have been guilty of aught that his prejudices taught him to consider as offensive in the eyes of this Supreme Being, who is with him the ideal standard of perfection; that you had, for instance, (I only suppose it for the sake of argument) been guilty of artifice or—or falsehood. Would he not, in such a case, have been very inexorable?”

“Inexorable! my dear Julia; no, surely! If you consider the spirit of the principle that inspired him, you will be convinced, that to be inexorable to the penitent was with him impossible. Considering the crime as an offence not against himself, but against God, could he refuse to accept of that which would not be rejected by the Most High? Could he, who served a Being whose first attributes are benevolence and mercy, be harsh or unforgiving to a penitent offender?”

“But why, I pray you, is this repentance to be a stipulated article in the treaty of forgiveness?” rejoined Julia.

“Because,” said Harriet, “we are told, that without repentance there is no remission of sins; and without repentance there can surely be no hope of reformation. But here again my father looks to the example of his great Master; and by the mildness of entreaty, not the thunderings of indignation, calls sinners to repentance.”

‘Well, you must pardon me, but I declare I think there is something very mean in this slavish reference to the will of an unknown Being, of whose very existence we can, after all, never be thoroughly certain. How much more noble to be guided solely by the suggestions of reason and virtue in our own breasts!’

“Alas! my dear, we need not look into the page of history, we need not examine into the conduct of the world at large, but just only take an impartial view of what passes in our own breasts, to be convinced of the necessity of a higher standard of excellence than can be found in human

nature. The contemplation of the immutability of the ALL-PERFECT, has a tendency to *fix* as well as to exalt our notions of virtue; while a consciousness of the infinite space between us and this Perfection annihilates the swellings of pride, and allays the ferment of imagination. Our reason, far from shining with unvaried lustre, is perpetually liable to be obscured by passion or prejudice, we cannot, therefore, always trust to its decision; but when we are in the constant habit of referring our actions to the judgment of a Being whose moral attributes are unchangeable, the clouds of passion and prejudice are dispelled, and reason again shines forth with steadiness and vigour. Oh! that I could explain to you the feelings that such contemplations have excited in my mind! feelings, which, instead of depressing, tend to expand and tranquillize the soul."

Julia smiled. "Really, my dear, I did not think you had so much enthusiasm."

"Call

“Call it not enthusiasm, my dear Julia; for besides these feelings which may, perhaps, depend in some measure upon constitutional sensibility, a constant reference to the Divine will, and an habit of modeling to it our thoughts and actions, cannot fail of having the happiest influence upon our conduct. Without having this Divine standard to refer to, how often should we be exposed by our passions to the most egregious mistakes! Mistakes, which pride would forbid us to acknowledge, and which, being unchecked by the believed presence of our future Judge, we might hope by artifice to conceal, or by ingenuity to defend.”

Julia sighed. Her open and polished forehead was suddenly contracted, as if by some quick sensation of violent pain.

“What is the matter, my dear? I fear you have rashly moved your foot.”

‘I believe I have,’ said Julia, recovering herself; ‘but the pain is over, and I

beg you would proceed. You argue so well, that I should like to hear you enter into a debate with some of my learned friends: upon the necessity of repentance, for instance. Ah, Harriet, you have no notion how soon that sweet eloquence of yours would be put to silence.'

"Very likely it might," rejoined Harriet. "If indeed I were bold enough to enter into a debate, from the hope that my eloquence could possibly convince a person skilled in argument, I should deserve the mortification I should probably meet with. But take notice, that my reasons for declining the colloquial combat arise from a knowledge of the weakness of my weapons, not from any distrust of the goodness of my cause."

'Well, but as your weapons are certainly at least equal to mine, suppose I give you a challenge? Let us take the ground upon the wisdom and efficacy of repentance. Which, dropping my gauntlet, I
here

here aver to be the most mistaken notion in the world;—a mere prejudice, and a prejudice very inimical to the progress of virtue.’

“ I accept your challenge, and only wish I had one of my father’s wigs to equip me for the solemnities of the field: but here I take my ground, and prepare myself to receive your attack.”

‘ Allons! then,’ said Julia, raising herself up in her bed, and gracefully flourishing her fair hand; then extending it in the attitude of affirmation, she thus proceeded: ‘ If we form a just and complete view of all the circumstances in which a living or intelligent being is placed, we shall find that he could not, in any moment of his existence, have acted otherwise than he has acted. In the life of every human being there is a chain of causes generated in that eternity which preceded his birth, and going on in regular succession through the whole period of his existence; in consequence of which—’

“ Hold,

“ Hold, hold,” cried Harriet, “ I proclaim a parley, and here enter my protest against using any words but your own. Plagiarism is an unlawful weapon in debate; and I never see it made use of, that I do not consider it as a proof of conscious weakness.”

‘ Well, well, I shall, I make no doubt, be able to defend myself without its assistance. But there are some subjects on which one can speak so much better in the words of others than in one’s own, that it is difficult to refrain from using them.’

“ Depend upon it, my dear Julia, that these are subjects which the mind has never thoroughly mastered. They will be found to have been driven into that little corner of the brain, which is said to be the storehouse of memory, by the arch witch imagination; and driven thither in such confusion too, in such higgledy piggedly order, that they have never passed under the close examination of judgment; and pop out they

they come again, just in the same manner that they got in. Oh! of all insufferables, a pedant with a good memory is the most insufferable!"

"But is not a good memory a great happiness? Is it not the parent of knowledge, the indispensable companion of science, the friend of wit and genius?"

"It is all you say, my dear, and a thousand times more than either you or I can ever say. The more excellent, the more capacious this grand repository, the more wise, the more virtuous, (if filled with motives to virtue) must we of course be. But if of this noble store-house judgment does not keep the key, if she does not arrange, and assimilate, and combine the materials that are placed in it, I think it is a great loss to have it too tenacious."

"A loss to have too good a memory! what a strange paradox. I wonder what Miss Botherim would say to you?"

"You

“ You may wonder what author she would quote, if you please; for of herself, poor dear, she could not say three sentences upon any given subject. Do you not think now, Julia, it would be better for poor dear Miss Botherim to have a memory rather less retentive, than to give you out, as she does, speech after speech from the author she has last read, without alteration or amendment, all *neat as imported*, as they say upon the sign-posts?”

‘ Indeed, poor Miss Botherim’s quotations are, I confess, sometimes tiresome enough,’ returned Julia; ‘ and I believe, as you say, that the capacity to retain, without the power to digest and combine, is of very little real advantage. But I have often observed, that Miss Botherim’s power of retention is always confined to one side of the subject. While she remembers with accuracy all she herself has said, she forgets every word advanced by her opponent in the debate.’

“ A proof

“ A proof of the truth of my father’s observation,” said Harriet, “ that we need only observe the sort of memory a person possesses, to have a certain key to the character.”

‘ How so? I do not perfectly comprehend you.’

“ I shall quickly explain myself. Memory, though an original faculty, is capable of improvement. It will be strong in proportion to the strength of the impression made upon it, and the impression most frequently recurring will of course become the strongest. Thus it happens, that trifling people are found only to remember trifles; that the vain and the selfish can so well recollect every minutiae of every circumstance in which they were themselves particularly concerned; and that even among those who pique themselves on superior taste, so many are found capable of retaining the *exact words* of a well-sounding author, while to the few is
confined

confined the more estimable power of impressing the *sense* and *substance* in the mind."

'I believe there is much truth in what you say,' rejoined Julia; 'but pray what has all this to say to our argument upon the necessity of repentance?'

"A great deal," returned Miss Orwell; "for memory is certainly a very necessary agent in presenting to our view the works that occasion it: and perhaps, my dear Julia, it is never better employed than in tracing the rise and progress of our errors, in reminding us of how much we have come short of purposed excellence, how frequently led by the rapid violence of passion into self-deception, and how arrogantly we have decided upon subjects that now appear to us in a very different light."

'All this,' replied Julia, 'I allow. But when we consider that crime is nothing else than an error in judgment, a sort of miscalculation of consequences, in short,

short, a mere mistake, and that (as I said before) every one is under the necessity of acting from the motive that is presented to him; it follows of course, that feelings of repentance for actions which it was impossible to avoid, are extremely absurd.’

“ According to which doctrine, you would, I am to suppose, feel as much remorse at having lost a game at chess, as at having poisoned your father! And experience the same degree of compunction at having made up a cap in a bad taste, as at having deceived a friend, or betrayed the confidence of a parent. As I am not qualified to argue from books, I am under the necessity of appealing to your feelings. Consult these, my dear Julia, and I am sure they will declare themselves of a different party from your favourite authors. I am much mistaken, if they will not inform you that the pain, occasioned by the consciousness of any departure from moral rectitude, is a sensation of a very different nature

nature from that which is produced by mere error of judgment."

"And pray what would you infer from this?"

"I would infer, that if our feelings, upon any lapse of moral rectitude, are different from those which we experience on any mere mistake of judgment in regard to other matters, they admonish us to a different sort of repentance."

"I wish you to illustrate your meaning by an example, and shall put a case for your decision. Supposing, that in order to ward some dreaded evil, you had been induced to deceive your father by a falsehood, how would you act upon being made sensible of your error?"

"A&t! surely upon such an occasion I could not hesitate a moment how to act; I should instantly acknowledge it, ingenuously confess to him the whole truth, and think the mortification that must inevitably arise from this confession, a just punishment

ment for my offence. How, till I had undeceived him, could I look up to the Searcher of hearts? Every prayer I offered up to my God under such circumstances, I should consider as a solemn mockery, and unpardonable presumption."

"I declare," said Julia, with a smile which seemed to disown the heavy sigh that had just burst from her bosom, "I declare," said she, holding out her hand to Harriet, "you are so charming an enthusiast, that you could almost make one believe that saying one's prayers was no bad preservative of virtue."

The entrance of Mrs. Delmond put an end to the conversation; but the impression it made upon the mind of Julia was not to be easily effaced. After a few struggles with false shame and romantic tenderness, she adopted the resolution of throwing herself at her father's feet, as soon as she should be able to appear before him, and by a free and ingenuous acknowledgment

knowledge of all that had passed between her and Vallaton, make an atonement for her past offence, and regain that confidence which she was miserable in having forfeited.

No sooner had this resolution taken possession of her mind, than she found herself restored to tranquillity. Vivacity once more sparkled in her eyes, and the elastic spirits of youth recovering their tone, bid defiance to the puny evil of confinement.

In order to relieve the anxiety of her father, she had every morning, since the fatal accident, been enabled, by an ingenious contrivance of Harriet's, to pencil a little billet to her father, without pain or change of posture.

So precious was this billet to Captain Delmond, and so anxiously did he watch for its arrival, that from early dawn his whole mind was occupied by an anticipation of its contents. If the messenger happened to be one minute beyond the
usual

usual time, he was filled with alarm; and if any considerable time elapsed, his agitation rose to such a height as to render him incapable of opening it for himself. When he saw the hand-writing of his darling Julia, when he read the assurance of her convalescence, his eyes filled with tears of paternal tenderness; and an involuntary ejaculation of thankfulness to the Being whose power had preserved his darling child, burst from his lips. So entirely had the remembrance of her offences been obliterated by fears for her safety, that a thought of Vallaton seldom came across his mind; and indeed so assiduously had he avoided the ungrateful subject, that it was almost forgotten, when a visit from Gen. Villers recalled it to his recollection.

The news of Julia's overturn was not long in finding its way to Castle-Villers. By the first accounts, both she and her companion were killed upon the spot. By the second, and it came from one who had his

his information from the best authority, it was announced to be only the horse and Mr. Vallaton that had suffered immediate death: Julia still survived, though with very little hopes of recovery. The death of Vallaton was particularly regretted by this detailer of grievances, on account of his leaving a disconsolate widow, and five fatherless children, to deplore his untimely fate.

The General was no sooner assured of Julia's being still alive, than he sent a messenger to Captain Delmond's, who brought such an answer to his enquiries, as very much relieved his mind, which had been severely shocked by the account of her misfortune. He from that time seldom omitted a daily enquiry at the farm, either personally or by message, for the health of Julia and her fellow-sufferer. Nor was he the only person at Castle-Villers that appeared to take an interest in her recovery.

The

The reader may recollect a Major Minden, who came with Miss Mordaunt, and appeared to Julia to be introduced by that young lady as an accidental visitor. This gentleman was in reality an old acquaintance of the General's, to whom he intended a visit of some weeks; nor was he altogether unknown to the father of Julia. Just before Delmond left the regiment, in which he served fourteen years as a lieutenant, Minden entered it a school-boy ensign. After having attained the rank of Major by purchase through every step, he took leave of the profession of a soldier, and set out on a tour through France and Italy; from which he returned, after an absence of three years, with the double acquirements of a taste for *vertù*, and an Italian mistress. This woman, of low birth and vulgar education, had engrafted upon a temper naturally proud, arrogant, and imperious, a degree of art and cunning, that so managed even the most re-

pulsive qualities of her disposition, as to render them conducive to her interest. Over the weaker mind of her paramour she soon gained a compleat ascendancy. He submitted to her caprice without reluctance, and bore all the violence of her temper with the most exemplary patience. Over himself, his servants, his house, and fortune, she reigned with the most despotic authority; nor did time seem to bring any diminution to her power.

But, alas! the vigilance of the most arbitrary government cannot always ward off the stroke of ruin; nor the compleatest despotism be proof against the mutability of all sublunary things. The poor Signora,

“Just when she thought, good easy soul, full surely,
“Her greatness was a ripening,”

Received a formal notice of her deposition, with an order for her immediate departure from Minden-Place to a house which was taken for her by the friend to whom the Major had committed the management

nagement of this domestic revolution, and from whom she was informed a yearly stipend would hereafter be received.

After a noble but ineffectual struggle, for maintaining the possession of her post, she was obliged to retire on capitulation. The throne of the Major's heart having thus become vacant, he had determined to look out for a candidate worthy of filling the important situation in the quality of wife. He had not yet had time to make his election, when the sight of Julia fixed his resolution, which the result of every enquiry concerning her tended to confirm.

The love of Major Minden was not of that boyish sort, which timid delicacy endeavours to conceal; he soon informed the General of the honour he intended to do Miss Delmond, and in order to shew a proper respect for his future father-in-law, he proposed a visit to Capt. Delmond, to whom it was agreed the General should mention the intended overtures of his friend.

Captain

Captain Delmond was rejoicing over a pleasing billet from Julia, that seemed written in unusual spirits, when Gen. Villers and Major Minden arrived at his house. He was still in his bed-chamber, which he had often kept for whole days since the absence of his daughter, but gave immediate orders for having his chair wheeled into the adjoining room, into which the gentlemen had been shewn.

There was somewhat in the air and figure of Capt. Delmond so indicative of *the gentleman*, that not all the disadvantages of sickness and infirmity could obliterate its traces. By the just proportions of the time-ruined pillar, an idea may be formed of the grandeur of the structure which it once adorned. Politeness and cordiality marked his manner of receiving his guests. With heart-felt satisfaction did he listen to their praises of his daughter; and while in answer to their enquiries he informed them, that in the course of

ten

ten or twelve days she would, it was expected, be able to come home, his once-brilliant eyes sparkled with delight.

General Villers enquired for the gentleman who had accompanied Miss Delmond.

The Captain felt a sudden repulsion of his blood at the unwelcome question, but possessed sufficient command over his feelings to answer in an easy way, that he heard he was nearly well.

“ I am heartily glad of it,” replied the General, “ for the sake of his poor wife and family, who must have suffered much anxiety on his account.”

Never did intelligence reach the ears of Capt. Delmond, that was half so welcome as this first account of the wife and family of Vallaton. It annihilated every suspicion that had preyed upon his heart; and by giving him the delightful assurance of Julia's being innocent of all clandestine intention, restored his confidence in her unfullied integrity and truth.

After

After a short conversation on indifferent topics, Major Minden, on pretence of calling at the post-office, took leave, and left the General to open the preliminaries of the proposed negotiation.

Capt. Delmond received the notification of the honour that was intended his family with politeness, not devoid of dignity. "The esteem of Gen. Villers," he said, "was a sufficient recommendation to his favour; but however agreeable the connection might be to him, and however advantageous, in respect to fortune, it certainly was to his daughter, he must refer the Major entirely to her decision. It was an affair in which he might advise, but never would dictate."

The General coldly applauded the sentiments of Captain Delmond, but added, 'that he supposed there was very little reason to apprehend that Miss Delmond could be so blind to her own interest, as to decline the offer of so splendid an establishment.'

blishment.' After a few eulogiums on his friend, and having obtained permission for his visits, the General took leave, and left the anxious father not a little agitated by the subject of his conversation.

However firmly resolved that no consideration of *self* should interpose to prevent the establishment of his daughter, the idea of losing her society for ever overwhelmed his soul with involuntary sadness, nor was all his fortitude sufficient to support his spirits in the contemplation of the event. "But for what do I live?" said he, after some moments of bitterness, "for whom do I exist, but for this darling child? Is not her happiness far dearer to me than my own? O, yes! Let my Julia be but happy, and however forlorn I shall be, when she is from me, the certainty of her happiness will still afford a cordial to her father's heart."

CHAP. III.

"Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong."

POPE.

ON the evening of the same day in which Capt. Delmond had received General Villers, Henry Sydney paid a visit to his fair patient at the farm. He had brought in his pocket a new publication, which, at the desire of Julia and her lovely nurse, he read aloud, giving by his remarks an additional spirit to the wit and humour of the author. He had been about half an hour thus employed, when casting a glance out of the window, he burst into a fretful exclamation, "Heavens! here is our evil genius coming to torment us in the shape of Miss Botherim.

I wish

I wish to goodness that poor woman had any thing to do at home!"

"She is very kind," said Harriet; "but I do not know how it is, her visits are always, I think, *mal-a-propos*."

"To be interrupted in the middle of such an interesting story is very provoking," said Julia; "but we will make her hear it out."

Miss Botherim entered with an air of even more than usual solemnity. "I am come," said she, addressing herself to Harriet, "to announce the necessity of your immediate return to your father's house: here is a note which will explain the cause."

Harriet snatched the billet, which contained an account of her aunt's having been suddenly taken ill, for which reason she was desired to leave every thing to the care of Miss Botherim, (who had offered to supply her place with Julia) and to come directly home. Harriet, whose aunt had been to her as a mother, and who loved her

her with the sincerest affection, was equally shocked and afflicted by this intelligence; she lost not a moment in obeying the summons, but in the midst of her grief and agitation, preserved a sufficient presence of mind to give Miss Botherim every necessary instruction respecting her charge, and then affectionately embracing Julia, she hurried away.

When Bridgetina observed Henry preparing to accompany her, ‘There is no necessity for your going so soon, Doctor,’ said she, making a motion for him to sit down; ‘as you could not be found in time, Dr. Orwell sent for Mr. Gubbles, so that you need not hurry yourself; Miss Orwell, I dare say, can walk very well alone.’

Henry coldly declined her invitation, and in spite of her remonstrances he went with Harriet, who, indeed, stood very much in need of support and consolation.

In answer to the enquiries of Julia, Bridgetina informed her that she had received

ceived the information of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's illness, by happening to be with Maria Sydney when her brother was sent for; that she had instantly gone to the parsonage to see if they had found him, and had offered to take the note for Harriet, and inform Capt. and Mrs. Delmond that she would do herself the pleasure of remaining with Julia during the remainder of her confinement.

Julia returned Bridgetina the warmest acknowledgments for her goodness; nor did it once occur to her, that the hope of a more frequent opportunity of enjoying the company of Henry Sydney was the inspiring motive that lurked at the bottom of Bridgetina's heart. Fearful of introducing a subject on which she found it dangerous to dwell, she did not once enquire for Vallaton, though Bridgetina had never yet payed her a visit without being freighted with some tender message from that gentleman; who, not being yet able to
write,

write, had no other method of conveying his sentiments, than through the medium of their mutual friend. These melting remembrances of his affection never failed to raise a soft commotion in the breast of Julia, where the idea of the sufferings of her lover occupied every thought, till some kind and tender billet from her father, or some fresh instance of his anxious solicitude concerning her, turned the current of her feelings, and gave her heart to filial duty and affection.

Bridgetina, perceiving the book which Henry had left upon the table, took it up, and eagerly began to run over the contents; which she continued to do in silence, notwithstanding the entreaties of Julia, which she silenced by declaring, 'that she never read aloud to any one.' After a few yawns, she at length threw down the book, pronouncing it to be a very poor performance.

You

“ You surprife me,” faid Julia, “ by faying fo; it appeared to me to contain a great deal of genuine wit and humour.”

“ I do not care for wit and humour,” returned Bridgetina; “ they may ferve to amufe the vulgar, but you know they are quite exploded by the new philofophy. The works of imagination which now enlighten the world, are all generated by fyftem. The energies of philofophical authors are all expanded in gloomy maffes of tenebrific fhade. The investigators of *mind* never condefcend to make their readers laugh.”

“ I cannot altogether agree with you,” replied Julia. “ The authors moft remarkable for wit and humour appear to have had no flight knowledge of the human heart. Do you think that Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding, were ftrangers to the ftudy of the mind; or that they could poffibly have delineated the minute features of the foul in the manner they have
done,

done, without an intimate acquaintance with its nature?"

"What is Cervantes, or Moliere, or Fielding," replied Bridgetina, "in the eye of a philosopher? What did they know of infinite causation, or of perfectibility; or of effects being equal to their causes, and causes antecedent to their effects? The wit of such men may amuse the vulgar, but is despised by the enlightened."

"It is a subject on which people will pronounce according to their tastes," said Julia. "My father lays it down as a maxim, that the total incapacity for relishing humour is a sure proof of mental imbecility."

"A sentiment," rejoined Bridgetina, "very suitable to the ignorant prejudices of Capt. Delmond, but highly unworthy of a philosopher. I should not have been surprised to have heard it repeated by Harriet Orwell; but for you, you who have spent whole days, and weeks, and months,

months, in studying the writings of the new philosophers, still to preserve a taste for wit! It is truly astonishing! I perceive the society of Harriet Orwell has perverted your mind."

"Indeed," said Julia, "the society of Miss Orwell has been a very great happiness to me. She gives me new cause to love and to esteem her every hour. Never can I be forgetful of her goodness."

'Goodness!' repeated Bridgetina, with a sneer; 'from whence proceeds this boasted goodness? Does it flow from a conviction of general utility, pursued through the maze of abstract reasoning? If it does not, what I pray you is its value?'

"I confess," replied Julia, "I never heard Miss Orwell define the abstract nature of virtue; she rather appears to practise it from the spontaneous impulse of her heart. But though she may not be so enlightened by philosophy as we could wish, she is extremely well informed on
other

other subjects, and reads a great deal, I assure you."

"I should not wish to be confined to books of her selecting," replied Bridgetina; "her taste and mine would not at all suit. Give me the wild extatic wanderings of imagination, the solemn sorrows of suffocating sensibility! Oh how I doat on the gloomy ravings of despair, or delicious description of the soul-melting sensations of fierce and ardent love! But, alas! Julia, you are a stranger to the energetic extacies that pervade my soul. It is in a mind of great powers that strong passions predominate; and only people such as I, can taste the tender emotions of an importunate sensibility. O Heloise! divine, incomparable Heloise! how, in perusing thy enrapturing page, have all my latent energies been excited? O Henry Sydney, Henry Sydney, the St. Preuse of my affections, how at the mention of thy name has a tide of sweet sensations gushed upon my heart!"

"Henry

“Henry Sydney!” repeated Julia, “can you be serious? Is it possible that Henry Sydney can really have engaged your affections?”

“Possible!” said Bridgetina, “it is not only possible, but literally and demonstrably true. The history of my sensations are equally interesting and instructive. You will there see, how sensation generates interest, interest generates passions, passions generate powers; and sensations, passions, powers, all working together, produce associations, and habits, and ideas, and sensibilities. O Julia! Julia! what a heart-moving history is mine.”

It was almost impossible even for Julia to refrain from laughing at the figure of Bridgetina, as she pronounced these words. Every feature screwed into formality, and every distorted limb sprawling in affected agitation, she presented such an apparent antidote to the tender passion, that the mention of love from her lips had in it

something irresistibly ridiculous. It was with some difficulty that Julia could sufficiently command her voice to desire her to proceed; which at length, after stretching her craggy neck, wiping the rheum from her eyes, and fixing them on the sharp point of her turned-up nose, she did as follows:

‘ The remoter causes of those associations which formed the texture of my character, might, I know, very probably be traced to some transaction in the seraglio of the Great Mogul, or to some spirited and noble enterprize of the Cham of Tartary; but as the investigation would be tedious, and, for want of proper data, perhaps impracticable, I shall not go beyond my birth, but content myself with arranging under seven heads (I love to methodise) the seven generating causes of the energies which stamp my individuality, observing, that it is by a proper attention to these fine and evanescent strokes, that the

the knowledge of *mind* is alone to be attained.

‘The first of these character-forming eras was the hour of my birth. The midwife who was to attend my mother, happening to be a mile or two out of town, her delay suddenly excited an energetic impetuosity which scorned to wait for her arrival, and generated a noble spirit of independence, which brought me into the world without assistance. About two hours after I was born, the germ of other passions was produced. The nurse, who from some early associations had acquired a habit of getting drunk, let me fall upon the floor. A torrent of resentment and indignation gushed upon my heart, and the bitter tears that followed were a certain indication of the important consequences which that accident was to have upon my future life.

‘The third power-inspiring era is still more worthy of attention. It was, indeed,

the fountain-head of all my feelings, the source of those sensibilities and propensities, which have been the springs of every action, the cause of every movement of my soul; it is therefore well worthy the attention of every philosophic mind, of every lover of minute investigation.

‘ Not to keep you in suspense, (a thing ill-suited to the energy of my character) I hasten to inform you, that my mother not being able to suckle me herself, a young woman was brought into the house to be my wet-nurse, who some months before had borne a child to the parish-clerk. He kept a little day-school in Muddy-lane; and Jenny, whose education had been neglected in her infancy, had resorted to him to learn to read, and soon became so enamoured of literature, that from one of those associations so natural to the human mind, she conceived a tender passion for her instructor. “Imagination lent its aid, and an importunate sensibility, panting for
good

good unalloyed, compleated the seduction.”* With her milk I greedily absorbed the delicious poison which circulated through every vein; and love of literature, and *importunate sensibility*, became from thenceforth the predominant features of my character.

‘ Early did the fruits of the associations thus formed expand to view: by the time I was four years old, I would have listened for hours to the story of little Red Riding-hood; and on a particular investigation of this important era, I have learned from an old domestic, that I could actually, at the age of five years, repeat the whole history of the *Glass Slipper*, without missing a single word!

‘ Having been a remarkably unhealthy child, I was even at this age so weak and rickety as to be scarcely able to walk; but

* See Emma Courtnay, a philosophical novel; to which Miss Botherim seems indebted for some of her finest thoughts.

as *physical causes are as nothing*, I should not have mentioned this circumstance, but from the opportunity it afforded of expanding my powers in conversation. In my little chair I sat, talked, mused, cried, or fretted, according as events excited my sensibility. My father was so delighted with my premature eloquence, that he always kept me up to supper, and rewarded the exertion of my energies by a nice morsel of high-seasoned ragout or flavoury patty. During his life-time, my mother almost lived in the kitchen. But though her powers were expended in the science of cookery, she seldom had the good fortune to please; and the idea of her character, which from my father's contemptuous expressions I obtained, as it became a new source of action, may properly be termed a fourth operating principle of my mind.

‘ My father died when I had attained my ninth year, and my weakly constitution deterring my mother from sending me to school,

school, I learned to read at home; I did not like my needle, and my mother (happily for me!) never controled the energies of my mind, or cramped its powers by a mean attention to domestic concerns. Thus at liberty, I quickly learned to reason, to analyze, to demonstrate; and lost no opportunity of improving these powers. Did she at any time desire me to ring the bell, to stir the fire, to fetch her keys from the next room, I had an ever-ready argument to offer against a compliance with her request. I examined its propriety, I investigated its origin, I pursued its consequences; till convinced by the subtlety of my reasoning, or fatigued with following me through a maze of argument, which her inferior capacity did not permit her to pursue, she gave up the point, and quietly rang the bell, stirred the fire, or fetched what she wanted for herself.

The passion for literature to which I was pre-disposed by the antecedent propensities

sities of my nurse, continued daily to encrease. I expanded my imagination by novels, I strengthened my energies by romances, and at length invigorated my powers by metaphysics.

‘ The manner in which my latent taste for the latter was brought into action, as it forms the fifth grand era of my history, deserves to be particularly narrated.

‘ My mother got a packet of brown snuff from London by the mail-coach; it was wrapped in two proof sheets of the quarto edition of the Political Justice. I eagerly snatched up the paper, and notwithstanding the frequent fits of sneezing it occasioned, from the quantity of snuff contained in every fold, I greedily devoured its contents. I read and sneezed, and sneezed and read, till the germ of philosophy began to fructify my soul. From that moment I became a philosopher, and need not inform you of the important consequences.

‘ Still

‘ Still my ardent sensibility led me back to novels. As I read each sweet, delicious tale, I reasoned, I investigated, I moralized. What! said I to myself, shall every heroine of all these numerous volumes have a lover, and shall *I* remain “ a comfortless, solitary, shivering wanderer in the dreary wilderness of human society? I feel in myself the capacity of increasing the happiness of an individual;” but where is he? does he live in this town? have I seen him? how shall I find him? does his breast sympathize with mine? An idea of young Mr. Gabriel Gubbles, the apothecary, came across my mind. Yes, said I, it must be he! I heaved a convulsive struggling sigh. Tears half delicious, half agonizing, gushed in torrents from my eyes. O Gubbles! Gubbles! cried I, my importunate sensibilities, my panting tenderness, are all reserved for thee!

‘ I hastily put on my cloak, and snatching up the umbrella, I walked forth to relieve

lieve the throbbing sensations of my too tender soul. A heavy cooling shower most opportunely at that moment fell. To quench the burning fervour I let down the umbrella, and was soon wet to the skin. I became somewhat more tranquil, more composed, and proceeded down the street.

I passed the shop of Mr. Gubbles; young Gabriel was there; he was looking into the mouth of an old woman, who sat upon the floor to have a tooth pulled out. The attitude was charming; the scene was interesting; it was impressive, tender, melancholy, sublime. My suffocating sensibilities returned. I pursued my walk, leaning at times upon the umbrella. Careless of the observations of the passengers, who, strangers to the fine feelings of an exquisitely-susceptible mind, wondered at my keeping down the umbrella in such a heavy shower.

‘Wet, dripping, draggled, dirty, I returned to the shop of Gubbles. The old woman was gone. Gabriel was pounding
some

some drugs in the mortar, which sent forth a smell too powerful for my high-wrought frenzied feelings. I threw myself into a chair, and burst into tears. Gabriel Gubbles was astonished. Alarmed, terrified, distracted, at seeing me so ill, he took down bottle after bottle, and held to my nose; he poured out lavender and hartshorn, and presented them to me with a look so embarrassed, so full of feeling, that I exerted myself out of compassion to a sensibility which I observed to be already too much affected.

‘ He perceived my wet clothes, and in a voice of uncommon tenderness, begged me to have them changed. Unwilling to give him uneasiness, I promised to do as he requested, and retired.

‘ The tenderness of Gubbles inspired the most delightful hope. “ The delicious poison circulated through every vein.” I gave myself up to the ardent feelings of a morbid imagination, and thus prepared for myself

myself a cruel excess of wretchedness." O Julia! Julia! how will your tender soul sympathise with the sufferings of mine, when I tell you, that in one week from the interesting event I have just related, I heard of Gabriel Gubbles' marriage!

Here Bridgetina took out her pocket-handkerchief. Having wiped her eyes, she thus proceeded:

'How shall I describe my sufferings! How shall I recount the salt, the bitter tears I shed! I yearn to be useful, (cried I) but the inexpressible yearnings of a soul which pants for general utility, is, by the *odious institutions of a distempered civilization*, rendered abortive. O divine Philosophy! by thy light I am taught to perceive that happiness is the only true end of existence. To be happy, it is necessary for me to love! Universal benevolence is an empty sound. It is individuality that sanctifies affection. But chained by the cruel fetters which unjust and detested custom has

has forged for my miserable and much-injured sex, I am not at liberty to go about in search of the individual whose mind would sweetly mingle with mine. Barbarous fetters! cruel chains! odious state of society! Oh, that the age of reason were but come, when no soft-souled maiden shall sigh in vain!

‘ In this joyless, comfortless, desponding state, I for some time remained. As I never at any time debased myself by household cares, never attended to any sort of work, I always enjoyed the inestimable privilege of leisure. Always idle, always unemployed, the fermentation of my ideas received no interruption. They expanded, generated, increased. The society of the philosophers gave a fresh supply to the fuel of my mind. I became languid, restless, impatient, miserable. But a mind of *great powers* cannot long remain in a state of inactivity; its sensations are ever ready to be called forth. *The romantic, frenzied feelings,*

feelings of sensibility will soon generate an opportunity for their own exertion.

‘Happening to visit Maria Sydney after the death of her mother, she shewed me a letter she had just received from Henry. The sentiments were so tender, so delicate, so affectionate, I perceived in every word the traces of a mind formed for the pure delightful congeniality of mutual tenderness. A thousand instances of his particular attention to me, the last time he was at home, rushed upon my mind. In going out to walk with his sister through the fields, I remembered having once stuck upon the top of a stile, which I vainly endeavoured to get over, till Henry sprung to my assistance, and with manly energetic fervour tore my petticoat from the stump in which it was entangled. Why did I not then perceive the tender emotion of his soul! why was I blind to such a proof of sensibility and affection! The letter, the important eventful letter, roused me from
my

my lethargic slumber; every word thrilled through the fibres of my heart. It awaked the sleeping extacies of my soul. I inhaled the balmy sweetness which natural unsophisticated affection sheds through the human heart. O Henry! Henry! cried I, I perceive it is with thine my mind was formed to mingle. Thou art, from henceforth, the sovereign arbiter of my fate!

‘ The hour, the wished-for extatic hour of his return at length arrived. Excited by his sensations, he hurried to our house the morning after his arrival; and in his looks, his manner, gave the most unequivocal proofs of the tender sentiments that inspired his mind. But still a mysterious reserve seals his lips. Why does he not speak? Why does he not avow a passion so ennobling, so worthy, so natural, and ah! so fully returned! Female foibles, shrinking delicacies, why do you make me hesitate to begin the subject? Why should I blush to inform him of my affection? O dear, often-kissed

kissed relique! (pulling up something that was suspended by a ribbon from her bosom) precious deposit! chosen confidante of my tenderness! how often hast thou been witness to the convulsive struggling sigh! How often has thy bright face been dimmed by the dear, delicious, agonizing tears, which have stolen from my eyes!

“Is it Henry’s picture!” said Julia; “how did you come by it? Did he present you with it himself?”

‘Ah, no!’ returned Bridgetina, sighing; ‘it is a stolen memento; a theft of love. One day, on following his sister into his bed-chamber, while he was out, I cast my eyes upon his clothes, as they hung upon a horse; and perceiving a loose button, which dangled from the coat he had just thrown off, I took my scissars, and severed the thread by which it hung. I retired without being perceived, and pressed the button to my throbbing bosom. O button! button! cried I, in the delicious ardour of
exquisite

exquisite sensibility. Once the dear appendage of thy master's coat, thou shalt from henceforth be the companion of Bridgetina's bosom; the solace of her tender sorrows, the confidante of her afflictions! Yes; without reserve she shall murmur all her miseries to thee.'

Here Bridgetina ceased; and Julia (bewildered, as she often was, by the illusions of her own imagination) was struck with astonishment at the effects of a similar illusion on the mind of her friend. With regard to Bridgetina, she very quickly perceived the fatal consequences of yielding to the suggestions of a distempered fancy. She saw, that under the idea of cultivating *mind*, she had only been encouraging the mischievous chimeras of a teeming imagination; but never once did it occur to Julia, that she was herself the victim of the very same species of folly. So much easier is it for the mind's eye to pierce the faults of others, than to cast a retrospective glance upon its own.

The good-natured Julia, pitying the delusion of her companion, earnestly wished to save her from the mortification to which it must inevitably expose her. “My dear Bridgetina,” said she, in a soft and gentle accent, “you have very much surprised me by the history of your feelings; but I wish—I fear—indeed, I cannot help being very much afraid—that with regard to Henry Sydney, you deceive yourself. If he loves you, why should he not declare it?”

“*If he loves me!*” repeated Bridgetina. “Why that cruel *if*? Why should he not love me? What reason can he give? Do you think I have not investigated the subject? Do you think I have not examined every reason, moral and physical, that he could have to offer against returning my passion? Do not think I have learned to philosophise for nothing. But I perceive you are prejudiced,” continued she; “you do not enter into the fine feelings of an exquisite susceptibility. O divine Heloise!

(pulling

(pulling two volumes from her pocket) thou art the friend, whose sentiments are ever soothing to the sensibilities of a too tender soul! So saying, she put one volume into the hands of Julia, while she began to devour the contents of the other herself.

Julia perceiving how impenetrable she was to reason, took the book, and read till bed-time, without troubling her with any further remonstrance.

At the hour of retiring to rest, Julia first felt the misfortune of Harriet's absence. The settee on which she now reclined in the day, was to be wheeled into the bed-chamber, and from thence she was to be lifted into bed; in which she had hitherto been so carefully assisted by Harriet, that she had never experienced the smallest inconvenience from the removal. Poor Bridgetina, unused even to assist herself, was too helpless to afford assistance to another; helpless and awkward she stood by, while

the nurse and Julia's maid, a simple country girl, in so blundering a manner performed their task, that Julia was in some danger of slipping to the ground, and in attempting to assist herself, had the thumb of her right hand sprained in such a degree, that on the following morning she found herself totally incapable of writing the usual billet to her father. It was not without difficulty that she prevailed on Miss Botherim to become her amanuensis. Nor was this the only instance in which Julia was made to *feel* the absence of Miss Orwell. She now learned by contrast, how much she had been indebted to the judicious management of that active and ingenious young friend. She now first felt the full value of that series of small, quiet attentions, which, from the unostentatious manner in which they had been performed, had passed almost unnoticed; and now first began to suspect, that a well-informed mind, exerting its *powers* to promote the happiness
and

and comfort of those within the reach of its exertions, might be little less usefully employed than in forming speculations upon *general utility*.

CHAP.

and comfort of those within the reach of
his exertions, might be little less usefully
employed than in forming speculations

CHAP. IV.

" Blest are those,

" Whose blood and judgment are so well commingl'd,

" That they are not as pipes for fortune's finger,

" To play what stop she please."

SHAKESPEARE.

IN answer to the billet written by Miss
Botherim, Julia received from her mo-
ther the following note:—

" My dear Julia,

" We are, you may believe, very much
concerned at the unlucky accident which
obliged you to make use of the pen of
Miss Botherim; but hope, as she says it is
only a very slight sprain, that it will soon
be well; and beg that you may, for all our
sakes, be sure to take proper care of your-
self.

CHAP.

self. I am sorry that my cold is still too bad to permit me to see you to-day, as I have something to communicate that particularly concerns you. It is the result of a conversation which General Villers had yesterday with your father, but I have not now time to enter into particulars. I have sent the things you mentioned, and with compliments to Miss Botherim, remain your very affectionate mother,

“ E. DELMOND.”

“ P. S. Your father has had a very good night, and desires his blessing.”

‘ Something to communicate that particularly concerns me,’ repeated Julia, again examining the contents of the note, ‘ the result of a conversation which General Villers had with my father. Ah! too well do I know what the subject of that conversation was; the intelligence of Lady Page, concerning the mean, degrading employment which she believed to be the occupation

cupation of Mr. Vallaton, has doubtless been communicated to the General; and my father now believes me capable of carrying on a clandestine correspondence with a hair-dresser! What will he think of his Julia? How will his lofty spirit be wounded at the surmise of her baseness? Perhaps he at this moment loads my name with curses, and execrates me as the means of casting a foul blot upon his hitherto-unstained honour. Never, never will he listen to my explanation. Never will he be persuaded that it was but an idle frolic of Vallaton's youth, or that the man who could stoop to such employment had the soul of a gentleman. No, Vallaton! dear, excellent, unfortunate Vallaton! I must never see thee more. All hopes of reconciling my father to thy wishes are at an end. And must I indeed tear thy image from my heart? Must I never again have the pleasure of listening to thy conversation, never more be instructed by thy philosophy? O cruel, cruel fate!

fate! how flat and joyless will the heavy hours of existence now drag on. How—

The mental soliloquy of Julia was here interrupted by the noise of steps in the passage: she listened: she heard her name pronounced by a well-known voice. The door opened, and Vallaton himself appeared before her.

An involuntary emotion of pleasure palpitated in the heart of Julia. In Vallaton's countenance she beheld the rapturous expression of unbounded joy. He knelt before her couch; he eagerly seized her extended hand, and pressed it to his lips in the same manner which Julia had so often seen described in her favourite romances.

“What an incident!” cried Bridgetina.
 “Ah! Julia, Julia! how happy are you in having such a lover! He is indeed a hero!”

After the first extravagant expressions of his joy were exhausted, Vallaton took a chair by Julia, and began to recount, in the most tender accents, the history of his

own

own sufferings; the agony of his apprehensions for the life of his adored Julia; the torture of suspense; the pangs of absence. But then to have again the extatic felicity of beholding her, of seeing her so much recovered, of being once more permitted to converse with her, to enjoy her conversation without fear of interruption! It was an excess of happiness almost too exquisite for the present imperfect state of nature to support.

“How divinely he speaks!” cried Bridgetina.

Tears of mingled gratitude and tenderness suffused the eyes of Julia. How could she have the cruelty to injure that happiness, to destroy that sweet and exquisite taste of joy? Impossible. ‘Ah! no. Let him enjoy the sweet delusion of hope for this one short visit! Let me not so soon, so very soon, give him back to all the shocking agony of despair! Who knows how dreadful might be the consequences?’

Thus

Thus reasoned Julia; and convinced by her own reasoning, that humanity and justice demanded of her this consideration for the *feelings* of Vallaton, she suffered not one word of her father, or the apprehension of his displeasure to escape her lips. She, however, *firmly* resolved not to permit another visit. This she thought a proper sacrifice to duty; but since it was to be the last time, why should she not ask him to stay to tea? Vallaton did not require that the invitation should be repeated.

At length, however, the hour of departure arrived.

Vallaton hoped he might be permitted the pleasure of enquiring after her health to-morrow? The beseeching look, the humble and submissive air with which he spoke, penetrated the gentle heart of Julia. It was probable her mother might not come to-morrow, if she did, it would be in the forenoon; why then might she not see Vallaton in the evening? She might then have

have an opportunity of acquainting him with her *determined* resolution of submitting to the will of her father. It was not only proper, it was absolutely necessary, that she should see him for that purpose.

During the moment of hesitation, while these thoughts rapidly hurried through her mind, a soft and involuntary sigh escaped from her bosom: with an expression of tender melancholy she raised her fine eyes to Vallaton, and in accents sweeter than the summer's breeze, she desired he would come to tea to-morrow.

He was no sooner gone, than Bridgetina launched out into the most extravagant encomiums on his person and manners, but above all on his *exquisite sensibility*. 'Happy Julia! thou hast *indeed* a lover! O Henry, Henry! when shall I see thee breathing the same tender accents at my feet? Wouldst thou wer't endowed with the sensibility of Vallaton.'

When

When Bridgetina spoke of Henry, Julia perceived nothing in her discourse but the ravings of a distempered fancy. She pitied the imbecillity of her judgment, and deplored the weakness of her perception; but when she uttered the praises of Vallaton, how sensible, how judicious, how just were her remarks! She appeared endowed with uncommon penetration, and was the friend whose congenial mind was most worthy of her confidence. She, she knew, would oppose her intention of sacrificing her inclination to duty, if such a sacrifice should be required; but by combating her arguments, she might herself become more enlightened. She had been told by the philosophers, that views ought to be for ever changing, and that there was nothing so pernicious as *fixed principle*. Perhaps she might have been too hasty in her determination? There could be no harm in canvassing it. If right, it would bear the test of argument; if wrong, it had better be

be given up. Julia needed not to have given herself the trouble of discussing the propriety of consulting Bridgetina on her affairs. Bridgetina was too much occupied by her own *feelings* to give her the hearing. With various conjectures concerning the motives of Henry's unusual absence, concerning his future plans and prospects, and the reasons which induced his silence, while tender passion, *it was evident*, preyed upon his heart, the tongue of Bridgetina continued to vibrate, till the hour of rest procured for Julia a cessation from its monotonous and unmusical sound.

It was, indeed, the first day that Henry had omitted to enquire for Julia since her unfortunate confinement. The dangerous illness of Mrs. Martha Goodwin might well have accounted for his absence; but of Mrs. Martha, or of the necessity of his attendance upon her, Bridgetina never thought. The life of a *prejudiced* old woman was, in her estimation, of little value, when compared

pared with the *importunate sensations of exquisite sensibility*. These ought to have brought Henry to the farm; nor should the illness of any old woman, whose life could not promote the grand object of *general utility*, have detained him for a moment.

Henry was of a different opinion. He had from early infancy experienced from this good lady so much kind attention, that the simple recollection of the notice she took of the *school-boy*, would have been sufficient to have ensured the gratitude of the *man*; but to this were added a thousand remembered proofs of the benevolence of her heart, and the excellence of her understanding. She was, besides, the aunt of Harriet; and had to her supplied the place of a mother. From all these united considerations, he felt for Mrs. Martha a sort of filial affection and esteem; and with filial sorrow did he now perceive that her disorder was far beyond the reach of human skill.

One

One evening as she returned from having spent the day with Julia and her niece, she caught cold, by being exposed to a sudden shower; but though she continued indisposed for the whole of the following week, she would not suffer Harriet to be made acquainted with her indisposition. Ever accustomed to consider others more than herself, the thought of the loss that Julia would sustain in being deprived of the society of Harriet, had repressed the desire of her heart, which yearned for the company of her favourite niece—a solace which a strong presentiment assured her she should not long enjoy.

Even when Harriet was (as we have seen) at length sent for, her good aunt was so apprehensive of her being too much alarmed on her account, that she earnestly intreated Mary Anne to go to the pianoforte, that the sound of musick, reaching Harriet's ear on her first entrance into the house, might dispel all gloomy apprehensions.

sions. Her stratagem in part succeeded, and would have done so most completely, had not Harriet flown to the music-room, where she beheld her sister touching the instrument with her fingers, while her eyes streamed with tears, which, as she did not stop to wipe, fell fast upon her hands. At sight of her sister, the young heart of the tender Marianne, unused to suppress its emotions, swelled almost to bursting. She flew into the arms of Harriet, and wept and sobbed without restraint upon her neck.

Dr. Orwell entered unperceived. He gently threw his arms round both his lovely daughters, and fondly pressed them to his heart. "My dear girls, (said he) I cannot wonder at your affliction, but your aunt still lives; and it is our duty, as I am persuaded it is your wish, to promote the ease and happiness of her remaining term of life, whatever that may be. To do so effectually, we must suppress the selfish indulgence of our own feelings. We must

dry our tears. We must, however painful the task, exert our resolution."

'And is there, then, no hope?' cried Harriet.

"While life remains, there must be some, my love;" replied her father. "But it would embitter the existence of my sister to see you thus. If you would not materially injure her, you must conquer these strong emotions of sorrow—you must be calm."

'I will, I will,' said Harriet; 'lead me to her, and you shall see how well I will behave.'

When they entered the apartment of Mrs. Martha, Henry was sitting at a table by the door, writing a prescription. His countenance betrayed his fears.

'What is my aunt's disorder?' said Harriet eagerly, in a low voice, keeping in her breath while she listened for his answer.

"It is an inflammation on her lungs," replied Henry. "She must be kept very quiet;

quiet; strong emotion would be injurious to her. Therefore, dear Harriet, be composed."

The feelings of Harriet were naturally acute. Her sensations of pain and pleasure, of grief and joy, were keen and lively; but education and habit had now so well taught passion to submit to the control of reason, that she was ever mistress of herself. The alteration which she perceived in the countenance of her beloved friend, gave her the severest shock she had ever yet experienced. She, however, neither screamed, nor fainted, nor fell into hysterics, but sat down quietly by her aunt's bedside, and attentively listened to every word she uttered, and watched every motion of her eyes, as well as the tears, which she could not restrain, but which fell in silence, would permit. She sat up with her all night, which her aunt (who was sensible she would have suffered more by leaving her) did not oppose.

At the request of her aunt, Harriet read to her a select portion of the New Testament; it was the last discourse of our Saviour to his disciples, as recorded by St. John. When she had finished, "My dear Harriet," said the dying aunt, in a voice which seemed inspired with new energy as she spake, "My dear, dear Harriet! if ever, in the course of life, a sceptical doubt should be suggested to your mind under the false colour of philosophy, *think of this night*. Recollect the comfort your dying friend received from these last words of her beloved Master. Remember, how in these awful moments she was supported by the firm hopes of immortality. Oh, my sweet child! could I but make you sensible of the peace, the ineffable peace, that at this moment soothes my heart, you would not be so selfish as to weep. I would, indeed, for your sake, have been contented to have lived a little longer. You are in a situation that requires the guiding hand
of

of experience; but I leave you under the protection of an all-powerful God, who has given you a father, worthy not only of your filial affection, but of your unbounded confidence and friendship. I have, however, in the prospect of the event that I feel will now soon take place, employed the leisure moments of the last three days in arranging upon paper my thoughts upon a subject which nearly concerns your peace. Read it with attention. It is the last memento of affection. Do not grieve so, my sweetest, best of girls! do not murmur at a change which is for me full of hope and joy! I would say more—but am fatigued, and must try to obtain repose.”

Harriet found it very difficult to suppress her emotion, but she nevertheless succeeded, and did not disturb the succeeding silence by one articulate sigh.

In the morning Doctor Sydney found his patient so very ill, that he earnestly recommended sending to a town, about eight
miles

miles distant, for further medical advice. His desire was immediately complied with by Doctor Orwell, and about two o'clock the same day the physician, who was a gentleman of great and deserved celebrity, arrived. He no sooner saw the patient, than he frankly declared there were no hopes. "Doctor Sydney had (he said) already ordered every possible remedy; and all he could now do, was to recommend a repetition of what had been already done."

The sentence was as afflictive to the affectionate friends of the good old lady, as if it had been wholly unexpected. In the deep sorrow painted upon every countenance, she plainly read the opinion of the physician; but it had upon her a very different effect from that which it had produced upon her friends. She became more animated, more cheerful, and collected.

"Who would have thought, (said she, smiling) that all this concern should appear about a poor, solitary old maid? Alas!

how

how abortive are the designs and desires of mortals! How many may join in the song of Mary, and say, 'Behold, the hungry are filled with good things, and the rich are sent empty away!' How many have married from the apprehension of a desolate old age, have had their hopes crowned by a numerous family, and yet have had their eyes closed by the unfeeling hand of a mercenary or a stranger. Whilst I!—O my gracious God! how different hast thou made my lot!—Yes, my children, I feel all your affection, all your tenderness; it is a cordial, a balmy cordial to my heart."

"Oh, my aunt!" cried Harriet, kissing her cold hand; "my more than mother! what do we not owe you!"

Marianne, unable to stifle the loud sobs which rose from her tender heart, hid her face in the bed-clothes, and gave vent to her feelings. It was a first-fruit offering to sorrow, ardent and sincere. Her aunt perceived, but saw it would be in vain

vain to check, her emotions; and therefore did not seem to observe them. She asked for drink, which, when Harriet reached, she found her own hands unable to raise to her head. Harriet held the cup to her lips, she drank it off, and then with a pleasant smile, said, "And now, my good friends, tell me how much the better should I at this moment be, if I had been born heiress to fifty thousand pounds? Or if double that sum were now in my possession, would my bed be easier, or my beverage taste the sweeter? I was born to no fortune. I never was mistress of any. Cordial friendship has been my rich inheritance, and my patrimony the protecting favour of the Most High! Blessed be the name of that merciful God, who from my earliest youth has been my hope, and my stay, and who is now about to be my portion for ever! Amen, amen!" As she said these words, she clasped her hands upon her bosom, and shutting her eyes, remained

remained as if in mental prayer.* Henry alone perceived that she was gone for ever.

We shall pass over the succeeding scene in silence. To those whose hearts have already been lacerated by the last sigh of a friend, the description would be superfluous. By those who have never witnessed a scene of sorrow, it would not be understood. Suffice it then to say, that a more sincere or tender tribute of grief was never paid to the memory of excellence.

Maria Sydney flew to the consolation of her friends. She had herself lately mourned the loss of a parent; and what so well qualifies us for the tender offices of sympathy, as the experience of affliction? Her

* Such, my young reader, is the picture of a death-bed; not drawn from imagination, but from *real life*. It is a faithful transcript taken from the record of memory. Who can read it, and not exclaim with the son of Balak, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

good father was never a stranger in the house of mourning; and as for Henry, his tears mingled with the tears of Harriet, and his whole heart seemed to share in her sorrow. Nor was his sympathy confined to Harriet, neither did she entirely engross his attention: he was to Dr. Orwell, upon this occasion, as a son; and never are the tender offices of friendship so gratefully acknowledged by the heart, as when pride and vanity (those repellers of social affection) are annihilated by the stroke of sorrow. If the heart of the father were penetrated by the tender attentions of Henry, could the heart of the daughter be insensible to their value? Surely not: our readers will not suppose it.

The letter, mentioned by Mrs. Martha, was found in her bureau, addressed to Harriet; but it was not till after the elapse of several days, that she could prevail upon herself to read it. At length, shutting herself up in her own apartment, she took
it

it out, dropped a tear upon the seal, opened it, and read as follows:

“Before my beloved Harriet peruses this paper, the hand that writes it will have been sent to mingle with its parent dust; the heart that dictates, will have ceased to beat; but the spirit, which animates and informs it, will still exist; and no idea of any state of existence can I at present form to my mind, in which the interest I take in the happiness of those now so dear to my heart, can be forgotten. If recollection and intelligence remain, that interest can never cease. Perhaps I may still be permitted to watch over my darling child. Perhaps—but in vain do I endeavour to penetrate the veil so wisely drawn; in vain I weary myself with conjectures; a little, a very little time will put me fully in possession of the awful secret.

“Certain, however, that whatever you may be to me, to you I must inevitably be soon, as to this life, lost—I would employ
the

the little strength that is yet left me, in the manner that may best obviate that loss to my dear children.

“ Offspring of a beloved sister! dear pledges of her affection! committed to my care by her dying breath; ye are witnesses of the manner in which I have endeavoured to supply to you a mother’s care, a mother’s tenderness. From the mansion of the blessed she now beholds you, pure as her own unspotted soul! She sees the amiable dispositions that inspired her own breast, renewed in yours; and if aught below can add to the happiness of angelic spirits, hers is increased by the promise of your virtues!

“ You, my Harriet, are now arrived at a period which may possibly fix the happiness of your future life. Hitherto all has been the sunshine of peace, the uninterrupted serenity of domestic bliss. But I now behold you about to launch upon a dangerous ocean, where hidden rocks and quick-

quick-sands may shipwreck all your hopes. Consider this letter as a chart by which you may so steer your course, as to avoid the most fatal dangers of the voyage.

“ Your mind is cultivated, your heart is sincere. Pious, affectionate, benevolent, and pure, the love of virtue now reigns the ruling passion of your breast. But the love of virtue, however ardent and sincere, will not always be sufficient to keep us in her true and proper path. Imagination is for ever raising a bewildering mist, which distorts every object in such a manner, that the path of passion is often mistaken for the road of virtue; nor is the mistake discovered, till cruel disappointment and bitter sorrow point out, too late, the fatal error. A philosopher, who, it may be presumed, spoke from experience, tells us, ‘ that when the heart is barred against the passions while they present themselves in their own form, they put on the mask of wisdom to attack us by surprise; they

they borrow the language of reason to seduce us from her maxims.*

“ Our sex is more particularly exposed to this illusion. Our whole course of education is, in general, calculated to give additional force to the power of imagination, and to weaken, in a correspondent degree, the influence of judgment. You, my Harriet, have in this respect an advantage over many of your sex. You have been early instructed in the necessity of submitting the passions to the authority of reason; you have learned to control the throbbing tumult of the heart, when it beats for selfish sorrows; and by directing your attention to the real sufferings of others, you have been taught to estimate your own, not by the exaggerated representations of self-love, but by the eternal rules of impartial truth and justice. Your mind has not been suffered to run wild in the fairy field of fiction; it has been turned

* Rousseau.

to subjects of real and permanent utility. And yet, my Harriet, with all these advantages on your side, much I fear me, that passion has already gained an influence over your heart, which may cost you many pangs to break. That conscious heart (if I am not much mistaken) at this moment anticipates the mention of Henry Sydney's name. Yes, my dearest niece, I have seen the progress this amiable young man has made in your affections; nor can I wonder, that a disposition and virtues so similar to your own should have made an impression on your unguarded heart.

“ Henry, I confess, is worthy of you; I know no man so truly worthy of my Harriet (and how in higher terms can I speak his eulogium?) But, alas! my dear, the beautiful union of congenial souls is a sight seldom to be beheld on earth!

“ Henry is genteelly educated, he is respectably connected; but Henry is *poor*—he cannot marry without a fortune; it
would

would in him be folly in the extreme to do so, as certain ruin must be the inevitable consequence.

“What then, supposing it to be mutual, is to become of this romantic passion?

“Experience bids me tell you, that if Henry leave W—— without any declaration of his love, he will, like many other men, equally amiable and equally beloved, in the bustle of the world, lose by degrees this (at present) strong impression, and at length in other connections forget the attachment of his youth.

“If, impelled by passion, he seeks before his departure to bind you in the solemn tie of an engagement, how injurious to the future peace of both may this imprudent engagement prove? That mixture of affection, gratitude, and esteem, which constitutes the greater part of the passion in the breast of woman, is a sentiment increased by absence, and fostered by imagination in the bosom of retirement. But,
 alas!

alas! in the other sex as the passion is generally less pure, so it is naturally less permanent. Whatever engagements Henry forms, I make no doubt a principle of honour will compel him to fulfil. But on such terms could my Harriet be happy? Could she be happy in being united to a man who, perhaps, at the very moment of that union was the prey of regret, or at least who had exchanged the sensations of tenderness for the chilling cold of indifference? I know she could not.

“ I have proceeded upon the supposition of Henry’s attachment being at present real and sincere; but even in this respect, my Harriet, we may be mistaken. Henry may prefer your society to that of any other young woman in the small circle of W——, and yet be far from harbouring any sentiment warmer than esteem. Should you be convinced of this, (and you are not so much the slave of vanity as to repel the conviction) I have little to fear

for you. Every sentiment of delicacy would, in this case, aid the dictates of judgment; and passion, all powerful as it is by imagination represented to be, would quickly be annihilated.

“If love is to be thus easily conquered by the suggestions of pride, why should it resist the remonstrances of reason? Alas! because self-love rejects her salutary counsel. Self-love, ever the advocate of the present passion, represents her dominion as eternal, and her overthrow as impossible. Listen not to her delusive voice, or believe any thing impossible to virtue.

“Instead of supinely deploring the circumstances which render the encouragement of this passion improper, exert your mind to consider them with attention. Let not imagination alter their form, or under the specious but false hope of some unforeseen behest of fortune, divert your attention from the contemplation of reality. If power were granted me to make you happy

in

in the way your heart would dictate, how should I rejoice in procuring for you the accomplishment of your wishes! But is, then, your Heavenly Father less benevolent and kind? No: his goodness is infinite; but his wisdom is infinite also! What to my weak and limited apprehension might appear the means of happiness, Divine Wisdom may perceive to be the very reverse. "Before Him lies the whole succession of events, which are to fill up your existence. It is in his power to arrange and model them at his pleasure; and so to adapt one thing to another, as to fulfil his promise of making all *work together for good to those who love Him*. Were this life intended for our ultimate scene of enjoyment, we may from the provision we see made for the inferior creation, be convinced that our innocent inclinations should not be thwarted in their course. But can we who believe it only a probationary state, in which we are to be fitted and pre-

pared for the enjoyment of a superior one, can we be surpris'd, if here we do not meet the fruition of our wishes? If resignation were not a necessary trial of our virtue, can we believe that we should be so frequently called on to resign?

“ Doth wisdom, then, exact a gloomy direliction of the pleasures of life? Because the cup of enjoyment be not always filled exactly as our foolish fancies would direct, are we with peevishness to dash it from our lips? Ah! no. The heart that is properly impress'd with a sense of the Divine goodness, and firmly persuad'd of the Divine superintendence, will not refuse to taste of the blessings by which it is surrounded, because the fancied good on which imagination doated, has been withheld. It is pride and infidelity that produce the querulous murmurs of discontent. By resigning the events of our life to Him whose all-seeing eye can alone survey the whole of our existence, we double
every

every enjoyment, we enhance the value of every blessing. In teaching our hearts to yield a ready acquiescence to *his* will, we equally divest of its sting the dart of death, and the sharper (O how much sharper!) arrow of disappointment!

“Think not that this is the language of declamation. No, my Harriet, it is the sober dictate of experience. Time has not taught me to forget the cruel pang of disappointed love, but it has taught me to rejoice in the disappointment that cost me once so dear. Nor is it only in this awful moment, when “standing on eternity’s dread brink,” the objects of former interest necessarily lessening on the view, that this conviction has been impressed upon my heart. No; it has for years been the subject of my gratitude and thankfulness to the Supreme Director of events. I have seen, that, in spite of myself, I could be blessed; and have been long taught to acknowledge the possibility of being made
happy

happy in another way besides my own; nay, happy in the very loss of that in which I foolishly imagined all happiness to be comprised. I do not say that this was the work of a moment; but I can say with truth, that I attribute much of the tranquillity and real happiness of my after life to a proper improvement of my disappointment.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

“By struggling with passion, I invigorated my virtue; by subduing it, I exalted the empire of reason in my breast. I learned to take a different view of life and its pursuits. I no longer cherished the idea, that all happiness was comprised in prosperous love; and that the lives of such as were united by the tender bonds of mutual affection, must inevitably be crowned with *unclouded felicity*. A course of visits to two or three couples of my acquaintance, who had *married for love*, sufficiently convinced me of the fallacy of this opinion.

“Still

“ Still the forlorn state of celibacy, the neglect, the ridicule to which it is exposed, threw at times a temporary damp upon my spirits, and might, perhaps, have betrayed me into that discontent, which is, alas! but too often visible in ancient maidens, had not I learned fairly to look my situation in the face, and boldly to examine how far the opinion of the world (that is to say, of the silly, the thoughtless, and the insignificant) ought to affect my happiness.

“ I perceived, that the conscious dignity of the being who endeavours to fulfil the duties of humanity, and to make progressive improvement in knowledge and in virtue, ought to be superior to situation; and by degrees lost all anxiety about *appearing happy*, in the consciousness of being really so. In the approbation of my own conscience; in the endearments of friendship; in the gratitude of those I have endeavoured to serve, or to comfort; and in that undisturbed peace which is the exclusive privilege

privilege of the unmarried; I have found an ample recompence for the mortification of hearing myself called *Mrs. Martha*.

“Think not, my Harriet, that by any thing I have said, it is my intention to recommend to you a determined resolution of remaining in the single state. All I mean is, to convince you that it is not simply in *situation* to make us either happy or miserable; to impress upon your mind a conviction of the possibility of conquering the most deeply-rooted and fondly-cherished passion; and to assure you, that the notion of its being impracticable is both false and foolish.

“If, upon a candid and impartial view of the circumstances to which I have alluded, you perceive the necessity of banishing from your bosom a passion which may lead to the destruction of your peace; I trust you have more strength of mind, more real virtue, fortitude, and courage, than to shrink from the painful task, Depend-
ing

ing on this, I shall not throw away the time that is now to me so precious, in adducing any further arguments to prove the necessity of this direktion of your present affection ; but shall, while strength permits, give you a few instructions concerning the most efficacious mode of proceeding, in order to ensure a victory.

“ In the first place, I would earnestly advise you never to make a confidante of the passion prudence bids you conquer. At the description of our own feelings, imagination takes fire, while the appearance of sympathy feeds the consuming and destructive flame. Few, very few, have sufficient virtue to oppose the current of a friend's desires ; nor is it probable, that those who have will be often chosen for bosom confidantes. In disburthening our hearts, we seem rather more solicitous to obtain a sanction to our passions, than to be put upon a method of conquering them ; and I can say from experience, in looking
back

back upon my past life, that I never did any thing which on cool reflection I had reason to regret, to which I was not spurred on by the injudicious advice of some too zealous friend.

“ I would, therefore, recommend to my dear girl to avoid the dangerous condolence of a tender and sympathetic mind. Should your heart ever feel depressed from struggling with its emotions; should your spirits be inclined to sink, and imagination prompt you to believe that your own sufferings exceed the sufferings of your fellow-mortals; seek not to dissipate this gloom in scenes of amusement, which will only increase your melancholy—but turn your steps to the house of sorrow—fly to comfort the afflicted—to bind up the wounds of the broken in heart; and when you contemplate the real miseries of life, you will blush at having grieved for fancied ills. Oh, may never deeper sorrow wound the heart of my beloved child!

“ Since

“Since the events of life are placed beyond our reach, since it is so seldom in our power to regulate them to our wishes, it is the wisest part we can pursue, to regulate our desires in such a manner as may prevent our becoming the prey of discontent, and losing the enjoyment of the blessings that are left us, in perverse and abortive murmurs at inevitable destiny. I have heard many different methods of obtaining this desirable frame of mind recommended to our use; but upon trial have found all to fail, except an humble and heart-felt confidence in the over-ruling providence of our great Creator.

“Fear not, then, my beloved child, to commit the events of your life to the care of that Heavenly Father, without whose knowledge even a sparrow falls not to the ground. If your desires are fulfilled, accept it as a boon from Him who alone can turn it to a blessing. If your wishes are disappointed, by the previous solemn dedication
of

of your will disappointment will be divested of its bitterness. In the struggle of contending passions, the heart that is determined to submit to no law but that of duty, will ever come off victorious; but the victory will be doubly easy, when the prevailing motive is armed with the strength of the Most High.

“I know there are, who in the hey-day of health and spirits, would scoff at this, as the mere effusions of enthusiasm; but when these shall arrive at the close of life—when, like me, they shall stand on the threshold of eternity—when,

“ — from the tomb

“ Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on their soul,

“ And puts Delusion’s dusky train to flight,”
depend on it, their derision will be at an end.

“ My strength is exhausted. I can hold my pen no longer. Adieu! dearest, best of girls! adieu. May we meet in the regions of everlasting felicity! and till then may the God of mercies take thee under his protection!

“ Amen! and farewell! M. G.”

CHAP. V.

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

"Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend

"More than cool reason ever comprehends."

SHAKESPEARE.

"**Y**OUR cold is better, this morning,
my dear;" said Captain Delmond
to his wife, as she poured out his chocolate.

"I think it is;" replied Mrs. Delmond.

"The day appears to be remarkably
fine;" said Captain Delmond, looking to-
wards the road that led to the farm.

"It is a very good day;" answered his wife.

"I think a walk would be of service to
you, my dear;" said the Captain.

"Perhaps it might;" replied Mrs.
Delmond.

"It

“It is a long time since you have seen poor Julia;” said the Captain.

‘It will be a week on Thursday;’ said Mrs. Delmond.

If the reader never has had any acquaintance with the race of the *Torpid*s, he will naturally conclude, that dear Mrs. Delmond was either so intent upon making breakfast, or had her mind so occupied by some subject of importance, that the meaning of her husband in all these several hints concerning the weather, &c. entirely escaped her observation.

Mrs. Delmond, however, was neither absent nor stupid. She was perfectly well acquainted with her husband’s meaning from the first, and before she came to breakfast, had determined to visit Julia as soon as it was over. But the frank communication of her design would, perhaps, have afforded too much pleasure to her husband, and might have produced that unclouded cheerfulness, which at the time of meals is
by

by many people deemed so prejudicial to health. Forming our opinion from observation, we should believe it to be a part of the medical creed of many wise personages, that the motion of the juices of the stomach, so necessary to the process of digestion, is happily augmented and assisted by a due proportion of what is called *fretting*. Nor can we sufficiently admire the tender care that is taken by many heads of families, in the due administration of this powerful stimulant, to all who have the happiness of sharing in their family repasts.

Whether Mrs. Delmond had actually studied this theory, we have never been able to learn; but as far as her powers could extend, she frequently put it in practice. These powers, it is true, were very circumscribed. She could not, by breaking into a violent passion because the fowls had got three turns too much or too little, promote the digestion of those who had the pleasure of sitting at her table. She
could

could neither fret nor fume, nor swear at the cook for the health of her friends, (a privilege reserved for us lords of the creation;) she could only contrive to smother the blaze of cheerfulness; by a look of pensive sadness, or an apropos reprimand to the attendant, in the very middle of some good story of her husband's, or some lively fally of her daughter's, to which she saw him attending with uncommon glee. She now observed, that he wished to talk of Julia; and though her own inclination would have led her to the same subject, she, out of pure regard (no doubt) to his digestion, resolved to baulk his intention, and to introduce some other topic of discourse. She talked of the foot having fallen down the kitchen chimney. "Why, then, I suppose it is time to have it swept," said the Captain.

"It is but a month since it was swept," said Mrs. Delmond, "and I do not see the good of having it swept again."

"What

“What, then, would you have done with it?” said Captain Delmond.

“I do not know, indeed,” replied the lady.

“I wish,” said the Captain, “you would take a walk to visit Julia to-day. I have been thinking of her all night. This proposal of Major Minden’s—”

“Pray pull the bell,” said Mrs. Delmond.

“For what?” said the Captain, somewhat testily.

“Only to take the things,” replied Mrs. Delmond.

“The things may stand,” said the Captain, taking his hand from the bell. “I was speaking of this proposal of Major Minden’s: it is a serious business, the happiness of our dear girl’s life may depend upon it. His fortune is great, his family is honourable; but I cannot help wishing that we knew something more of his temper and dispositions. His manners are pleasing, and his countenance has the appearance of much good-humour: don’t you think so, my dear?”

‘ I did not take much notice of it,’ said Mrs. Delmond.

“ Do you think it will be proper to mention the affair to Julia?” said the Captain.

‘ I really do not know,’ said Mrs. Delmond.

“ I think it will,” said the Captain, “ I have ever disliked concealment. It appears to me to have something in it disingenuous and dishonourable, and is seldom, very seldom necessary. It is the mean trick of timid and dastardly minds, and does more mischief in the world than ever was atchieved by blunt sincerity. Inform her, then, my dear; but at the same time assure her that—” Here the maid entered, Mrs. Delmond continued to address her in an under-voice, while she cleared the breakfast-table, and then getting up, bade her husband good-bye, and went to prepare herself for her walk.

She found Julia wonderfully better than when she had seen her last, though her spirits

spirits were now more languid than she had at that time observed them.

Julia, who expected every moment that her mother would mention Vallaton, found her heart palpitate as often as she observed her about to open her lips. She soon perceived, however, that the presence of Bridgetina presented an obstacle to Mrs. Delmond, who was not well enough acquainted with that young lady to speak of family matters before her without restraint. Julia, therefore, delicately hinted to her friend, that she wished to have some conversation with her mother in private—but in vain. Every hint was lost on Bridgetina, whose mind was so completely occupied in discussion and investigation of abstract theory, as to be totally lost to the perception of all that was obvious to common observation. Just as those whose opticks, by being constantly employed on distant objects, lose the power of seeing whatever comes close to the eye.

Perceiving

Perceiving that Bridgetina would not move, Julia had recourse to whispering, and, at length, in a very low and tremulous voice, asked Mrs. Delmond whether she had not something to communicate?

"Yes," replied her mother, "I have a great many things to tell you, but not before Miss Botherim."

"She is reading," said Julia, "and will not take any notice."

"You are then going to be married," said Mrs. Delmond, in a long whisper.

"Heavens!" said Julia, "what, my dear mother, do you mean? Indeed, indeed, you do me injustice; I never will do any thing without my father's full and free consent."

"But he has your father's consent," whispered Mrs. Delmond.

"Has!" repeated Julia in extacy, "has my father's consent! impossible. How? where? which way did it come about? It is surely all a dream, an enchanting vision: O tell me quickly how it happened."

"General

“General Villers brought him yesterday to our house,” replied Mrs. Delmond, “and spoke of him so highly to your father, when he proposed the business to him——”

‘General Villers then proposed it!’ exclaimed Julia.

“Yes,” returned her mother, “it was General Villers that spoke for him; and got your father’s consent that he should visit you as a lover. So you must make haste and get well, for you see what awaits you.”

‘It is wonderful!’ said Julia. ‘But how good it was of the dear General! and how delicate to make sure of my father’s consent, before he made any direct proposals to myself.’

“It was very proper, to be sure;” said Mrs. Delmond.

‘It is false reasoning;’ cried Bridgetina aloud, throwing down the book with great vehemence upon the window-seat. ‘Julia
has

has done nothing wrong; nothing that is not, on every abstract principle of virtue, laudable, and praise-worthy, and meritorious.'

"And pray, who says any thing against her?" said Mrs. Delmond.

'Yes,' replied Bridgetina, 'the false prejudices of the world condemn her conduct. Nor is she herself sublimed and purified from every taint of the odious prejudices of society. Else, why this remorse, why these tears?'

"I hear of no remorse; I see no tears;" said Mrs. Delmond.

'It is plain, Madam, you have never read the second volume with attention.'

"The second volume of what?" replied Mrs. Delmond.

'The second volume of the divine Heloise;' said Bridgetina.

"Indeed I never read a word of it;" said Mrs. Delmond. "I declare I thought you meant my Julia."

'No,

‘No,’ said Bridgetina; ‘Julia is to be sure very much enlightened, but she has not yet attained the sublime heights of Heloise.’

‘I know nothing about her,’ said Mrs. Delmond. ‘But I perceive it is time for me to think of returning home; so, farewell, Julia! I shall tell your father that you are not averse to the subject mentioned by the General.’

‘Tell him,’ said Julia, ‘that my heart is penetrated with his goodness, and that I am ready to do whatever he pleases. Never can I be ungrateful for his tenderness—for his dear concern for my happiness!’

Mrs. Delmond was no sooner gone, than Bridgetina began a dissertation upon the mistaken notion of gratitude; wondering how a person, so well-informed as Julia, could be guilty of such a monstrous error.

‘I know I have been convinced again and again, by the arguments of philosophy,’ replied Julia, ‘that gratitude is con-

trary

trary to the principles of justice, which alone ought to govern our conduct; but I cannot tell how it is—it seems to spring so naturally to my heart, that I know not how to conquer it.’

Mr. Vallaton, punctual to the appointed hour, presented himself in the evening. The fine eyes of Julia sparkled at his approach. The roses which had been banished by confinement from her cheeks, revived with redoubled lustre, and gave fresh animation to one of the most expressive and beautiful countenances the hand of nature ever formed. The tumult of her spirits was not now, as on the day before, excited by a mixture of tender regret and bitter self-reproach. The sanction of her father’s approbation had chased every painful emotion from her heart; and the flutter of spirits with which she expected the eclaircissement from Vallaton’s lips, was, perhaps, the most pleasurable sensation she had ever in her life experienced.

Vallaton

Vallaton was, on his part, highly gratified by the manner of his reception; and resolving to improve the present favourable disposition of his mistress, urged the subject of his passion with all the eloquence of which he was master. He was equally surprised and delighted to find that Julia no longer opposed his suit by the apprehended displeasure of her father. She, indeed, never mentioned her father's name; for perceiving how it was avoided by Vallaton, and attributing his silence to the exquisite delicacy of his affection, which would be indebted to her heart alone for success, she resolved to indulge him at the expence of her curiosity, which burned to know by what means he had induced the General to plead his cause.

While Julia in sweet confusion listened to her lover's vows, of which in silent modesty she smiled her approbation, the heart of Bridgetina swelled with vexation, not unmixed with envy, at the superior happiness

ness of her friend. Finding the attention of Vallaton too much engrossed by his fair mistress, to give her any hopes of a metaphysical argument, she betook herself to the garden; and there in sweet soliloquy she gave a vent to the tender sorrows of her gentle bosom.

“ Ah! miserable, deplorable, odious, and wretched state of society! (cried she) in which every woman cannot find a lover equally ardent and equally amiable. Sweet sensibilities! delicious tenderness! Why do I sigh for you in vain? Ah! why was my cruel lot cast in such a dismal country? Why was I doomed to come into the world in such an age? Why was I born when an absurd, an unnatural institution ties up the hearts of men, and every nobler feeling becomes petrified, and worm-eaten, and mouldy, on the uncomeatable shelf of marriage? This is the cause, ye gods! this is the cause——”

Here a seasonable shower of tears came to her relief; and seating herself down

upon the bank of a small stream that ran at the bottom of the garden, she increased its waters by the pearly torrent from her eyes, in as sensible a degree as ever brook was swelled from a similar source. For an exact measurement of the height to which rivers have been swoln by such incidents, and other minute description of the phenomena, we refer our readers to the poets; and shall content ourselves with observing, that in this, as in similar instances, it happened that the peccant humours which had risen to the eyes, from the region of the heart, were no sooner carried fairly down the stream, than the patient experienced relief.

It would be unpardonable to neglect the opportunity that now presents itself of offering a hint to our very much respected friends, the experimental philosophers; to whose serious consideration we would very earnestly recommend a minute investigation of the facts so often recorded in the works
of

of celebrated writers. From these authors sufficient data may be obtained for an exact calculation of the greatest height to which any river was ever known to rise by the fall of a single shower of tears; but much subject for investigation will still remain. It is not enough to know how far the waters upon such occasions actually do rise; it is still to be ascertained, by a set of repeated thermometrical observations, what is the exact increase of heat that it experiences from the said shower. And a very careful analyzation must likewise be performed, to know *with certainty* the difference of the component parts of *salt tears*, and *bitter tears*, and *sweet tears*, and *sweet-bitter tears*, and *salt-delicious tears*, and *tears half-delicious*, *half-agonizing*, &c. &c. upon which a very pretty neat course of experiments might undoubtedly be made; and if recorded with philosophical accuracy, and ornamented with a sufficient quantity of technical terms, (distinguishing, for the benefit of

of

of the unlearned readers, the phlogistic from the antiphlogistic) would make a very learned, useful, and entertaining pocket volume. With this hint, for which we are conscious of meriting the thanks of our fellow-citizens, we shall conclude the chapter.

CHAP. VI.

"His words replete with galle,

"Into her heart too easy entrance won—

"Impregn'd

"With reason to her seeming, and with truth."

MILTON.

WHEN Mrs. Delmond returned to her own house, she found Mrs. Gubbles with the Captain, who was amusing himself with the domestic anecdotes of a neighbouring family; a species of information for which he could not have applied to a superior source. No one, however, could have half the pleasure in hearing any piece of news, that this generous woman experienced in communicating it. The delight she took in adding to the general stock of information was, indeed, so great, so truly disinterested, that

it

it was not at all affected by the nature of the intelligence she had to give; as whether that was sorrowful or pleasant, it was communicated by her with equal alacrity and cheerfulness.

No sooner did the account of Mrs. Martha Goodwin's death reach her ears, than hastily throwing on her cloak, which always hung upon a nail in the corner of the room to be in readiness upon such occasions, she sallied out to communicate the news of the mournful event to her neighbours.

She first called on Mrs. Botherim; but, alas! she was there too late; Mrs. Botherim had heard of it before. So, after settling with her the day of the funeral, and debating for some time upon the exact age of the deceased; the amount of her little fortune; the number of her gowns, petticoats, and stockings; and the probability that the maid would come in for a good share of these articles of apparel; which, no doubt,
the

the Miss Orwells would be too proud to wear; she took her leave, and proceeded to Captain Delmond's, where she had the satisfaction of being the first to relate the loss the society of W—— had sustained in the death of one of its worthiest members.

"She was an excellent woman," said the Captain, "and will be a very great loss to the family. She has been quite a mother to the young ladies, and was deservedly beloved by them."

"Oh yes, to be sure she was;" said Mrs. Gubbles. "She was indeed a very good sort of a body, though a little particular in her way. I always thought it was a mighty odd whim, her never playing at cards; for my part, I have never no ideer of them there particularities; for, says I, what is it that can make any one make themselves so particular, says I, but pride?"

"She w^oed to excuse herself on account of the weakness of her eyes," said Captain Delmond.

'Take

‘Take my word for it, that was all a sham;’ replied Mrs. Gubbles. ‘Her eyes, indeed! why she could pore upon books for the matter of a whole morning. Never tell me that she could not have played at cards every bit as well, if she had had a mind. No, no; it was all nothing but the pride of being thought wiser than other people.’

“She was very kind to the poor,” said Captain Delmond. “I have heard of her visiting their cottages, and kindly soothing their afflictions by her sympathy, when she could in no other way relieve them.”

‘Ay, poor body,’ said Mrs. Gubbles, ‘she had nothing else to do. People who have families to look after must spend their time, aye and their money too, in another guess way. But what do you think of young Mr. Churchill’s good-luck?’

“I know nothing of it,” said Captain Delmond.

‘Have you not heard of his old grand-uncle’s death?’

"No, I never heard a word of it," replied the Captain.

"Bless me! well, now, that is surprising. I could have told you of it a week ago. Yes, yes, the old miserly hunk is gone at last. He never did no good to nobody when living; but he has left a pretty fortune behind him, I warrant you; as good as fifteen hundred pounds a year in landed estate, besides a mint of money in them there funds, as they are called. It all goes, every farthing of it, to the young gentleman; and a very pretty, sweet young gentleman he is, as I ever seed in my life. Well, well, we shall see, but I know what I expects. If he is not over head and ears in love with your daughter Miss Julia, I give you leave to say I knows nothing."

"With my daughter, Julia?" repeated Capt. Delmond. "How do you come to think so?"

"O," returned Mrs. Gubbles, "let me alone; I saw it all well enough, I warrant ye."

ye. When he was down last summer, and so much with young Dr. Sydney, though he was no doctor then, neither; I saw well enough how much he was taken with Miss Julia. Did I not see them together, when they came with a heap of other company to the fruit-gardens, at the Old Abbey, of a Sunday evening? Did not I perceive how the young gentleman singled out Miss Julia, and went always round to her side, and chose out the very nicest of the plumbs and the apricots for her?"

"Pugh! that's a great while ago," said Capt. Delmond.

'Long as it is,' rejoined Mrs. Gubbles, 'the young gentleman has not forgotten it, I warrant ye. It was but a few days before his grand-uncle died, that he came post from London, and the very next day he came to our shop himself to give orders about some medicines. He no sooner saw me, than he bowed, and spoke so genteelly, not pretending, as many of our saucy fine

gentlemen would have done, to forget my name. "But, Mrs. Gubbles, says he, I think, says he, Mrs. Gubbles, I had the pleasure of seeing you at the Abbey-gardens last summer; it is a very charming spot, says he." "Yes, says I, sir, that it is to be sure, says I; I dare say, says I, you remember Miss Delmond? Poor, dear young lady, what a terrible misfortune has befallen her!" "A misfortune! says he;" "and as I live he turned as white as my apron; and when I told him all the particulars of the whole business, he looked so sorrowful and so melancholy! He clean forgot his grand-uncle, and would have gone away without the medicines he was in such haste for when he came in, if the boy had not run after him on purpose."

Here the entrance of Mrs. Delmond changed the subject of the conversation, which, however, made a deep impression on the Captain's mind. Mrs. Gubbles had no sooner taken her leave, than he

anxiously

anxiously enquired in what manner Julia had received the intelligence of Major Minden's declaration.

'She seemed quite delighted with it,' said Mrs. Delmond. 'I never saw her look so pleased at any thing in my life: she was even thankful to the *dear General*, as she called him, for speaking in the Major's favour; and to you she sent her duty, and bid me tell you of her grateful sense of your goodness.'

"It is very strange!" said the Captain, after a short pause. "It is very strange, how the idea of rank and fortune operates upon the mind. She never, that I know of, saw this gentleman but once; and tho' he is a very well-looking man, I do not see any thing about him that one should think so captivating to a girl's fancy. Perhaps, however, he was at Castle-Villers in the spring; when Julia, you know, spent a fortnight there. Do you think he was, my dear?"

'I do

“I do not know, indeed,” returned Mrs. Delmond.

“Well,” said the Captain, “her choice shall be mine; though if I could give any credit to what Mrs. Gubbles has been telling me, and could hope that young Churchill really was attached to her, the excellence of his character, his known merit, and his residence too in the very neighbourhood, would give him in my mind a decided preference. But I have told her, that a negative in this affair was all I would ever claim; and never shall my child reproach me with a breach of promise. But she is so well, you say, as to be able to sit up upon the sofa. The dear girl! would that I could once see her! She surely may soon be removed without danger.”

“Mr. Gubbles, it seems, advises another fortnight’s confinement;” returned Mrs. Delmond.

“It can’t be helped!” said the Captain, sighing; “but if the weather be fine, you, my dear, may see her every day.” The

The weather, however, was not fine; it was for above a week perversely adverse to the Captain's wishes. No possibility of Mrs. Delmond's visiting Julia in all that time. But though the rain prevented Mrs. Delmond, it was no obstacle to Mr. Vallaton: he lost not a single day, and every day blessed him with increased conviction of the complete influence he had obtained over the tender heart of Julia.

He mentioned to her the travels of Vaillant; described in romantic terms the beauty of the country in those unfrequented regions that daring traveller had explored; and spoke of the innocence and amiable simplicity of its virtuous inhabitants with enthusiastic rapture. Julia listened with delight to his description. When he perceived her imagination begin to glow: "Yes, dear Julia," said he, "these are scenes where true happiness might indeed be found. Freed from the galling chains of a corrupt and depraved society, the
mind

mind might there have room to expand to virtue, with a companion endeared by familiarity of taste and sentiment, a congenial soul, a noble spirit which had strength and energy to soar above each vulgar prejudice, and to fly from a society unripe for the improvements of philosophy. How blest, how tranquil, might the delicious moments move!"

'It would be very charming, to be sure,' said Julia.

"Charming!" repeated Vallaton, "all that enthusiasts have ever preached concerning the joys of Paradise, would be more than realized."

'O extatic state of bliss!' cried Bridgetina, 'dear delirium of delight! O that we were all among the Hottentots! And we shall be among them too, ere long, I trust. But Julia knows nothing of the glorious scheme. Pray tell her, Mr. Vallaton, all about it; she will make a charming addition to the party.'

Vallaton,

Vallaton, who would rather have told Julia in his own way, was a little disconcerted by this abrupt interruption. He had, however, the art to turn it to his own advantage; and Julia, who instantly thought of Prior's Emma, considered all he said as a trial of her love. Yes, thought she, like the artful lover of the nut-brown maid,

“ By one great trial he resolves to prove

“ The faith of woman, and the force of love.”

I am aware of his intention; it is at once a proof of the sincerity and the delicacy of his attachment. Nor shall I be less sincere than the faithful Emma:

“ Alphonso too shall own,

“ That I, of all mankind, could love but him alone.”

We should be extremely happy to oblige the dear boarding-school angels by a faithful repetition of every word that passed in these interesting conversations betwixt Julia and her happy lover; but as we have no doubt that their own sprightly imaginations

tions will amply supply the deficiency, we leave it to fancy to paint the particulars of each tender scene, and content ourselves with observing, that by attributing to her lover a refinement of delicacy, which, though congenial to her own mind, was very foreign to his thoughts, Julia became the dupe of her own romantic imagination.

Anxious to remove from his mind every tender doubt, she scrupled not to engage herself by the most solemn promises to be his, and to follow his fortunes through the world.

Vallaton received this convincing proof of her affection with extacy; but still, to Julia's great surprise, persevered in his silence with regard to her father. What could be his motive? What, but an intention of making her happy, by giving her an agreeable surprise? She would not for the world baulk his intention, and, therefore, not only carefully concealed her knowledge of what had passed, but became
extremely

extremely anxious, lest by some *mal-apropos* discovery of her having been acquainted with it, the merit of the frank acknowledgment of her attachment should be lessened in its value.

The week passed on without affording any variety of amusement; yet notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the atmosphere, so injurious to delicate nerves, and notwithstanding the sameness of the scene, the spirits of Julia did not sink, but on the contrary, were never observed to be better than in this rainy week, which she declared to be the shortest she had ever passed in her life.

Bridgetina was of a different opinion. To her it seemed to creep with slow and lagging pace. Day after day she expected to behold Henry Sydney, and day after day closed in disappointment. She considered his conduct in all points of view; she discussed every possible motive that could induce him to forbear gratifying himself

self in her society; she divided and subdivided every argument in his favour; she reasoned, she investigated, and always concluded with proving, in the most satisfactory manner, that she was right, and that, therefore, Henry must inevitably be wrong.

As she was one morning sitting with Julia, who could now, with very little assistance, come from her own room into the parlour, she was interrupted in the sixth hour of her argument by a loud knock at the door. She was still in her morning dishabille, which, to confess the truth, was none of the most elegant, and would willingly have been excused from being seen by Henry in a dress so very unbecoming; but to escape was now impossible: so folding over the laps of her wrapper, pulling up the heels of her shoes, and settling the bow of her morning cap, which she in vain endeavoured to adjust to the middle of her head, she snatched up a book, and reclining her head upon her hand, while her
arm

arm rested on the arm of the chair, she fixed herself in a meditating attitude, truly becoming the character of a female philosopher.

She had scarcely time to arrange her posture, when the door opened, and discovered—not Henry Sydney, but Mrs. Botherim; who, unable longer to support the absence of her dear Bridgetina, had bid defiance to every obstacle in order to satisfy her impatient desire of seeing the sole object of her affections.

“And is it *only* you?” cried Bridgetina, in the querulous tone of disappointment, as her mother entered the room.

“*Only me?*” repeated Mrs. Botherim, “and very well it is that you see me alive, after all I have come through.”

Julia, with her wonted sweetness, endeavoured to make amends by the kindness of her expressions, for the abrupt manner of Bridgetina; at which, however, the good lady appeared neither hurt nor surprised.

prised. Accustomed to her petulance, she never felt its impropriety; but with a blind partiality, which converted every foible into a perfection, she thought every word her daughter uttered was, at all times, "wisest, discreetest, best." After having, at the earnest entreaty of Julia, taken some refreshment, the old lady began to expatiate upon the ever-ready topic of the weather; declaring she had never seen such continued rains in her life, or was ever out in such a day.

"I hope, however," said Julia, "that your health will not suffer from it."

'Nobody's health ought to suffer from any physical cause;' said Bridgetina. 'Rain, wind, tempest, hurricane, are mere trifles to a reflecting and investigating mind. It is nought but the weak prejudices of society that makes them be regarded in the light of evils. Let the rain beat, and the storm rage; can rain or storm be so pernicious or destructive, as the cruel state of protracted and uncertain feelings?' *but boog*

"It

“It is mighty fine talking,” said Mrs. Botherim, “and mighty easy talking, too, in a good dry warm room; but let me tell you, Biddy, it is no such easy matter for a person at my time of life to carry about a great umbrella, and to tug a heavy pair of pattens through the mud for two long miles, in such a day. Well, what does it signify? I am quite well, now that I see you; for I have been dreaming of you at such a rate.”

“What foolish notions you have about dreams;” said Bridgetina. “I don’t know how often I have explained to you their whole theory; but you never can remember any abstruse point.”

“Indeed, I never can;” returned the old lady. “You know I never pretend to dispute with you in any point of learning; as, indeed, why should I? But it does my heart good to hear you talk, and I have been so tired, and the house has been so lonesome since you have been away, that you can’t think.”

“I am

‘I am extremely sorry,’ said Julia, ‘to have deprived you of Miss Botherim for so many days, and very sensible of my obligation to you, as well as to her for the favour of her company.’

“Alas! my dear Miss,” said Mrs. Botherim, “I have but little of her company at any time. She is always so taken up with them there wise books as she reads on from morning to night, that I often don’t get a single word out of her the length of a whole day. But then it is a pleasure for me to see her, and to do all her little jobs, while she is making herself wise. Did you ever know any one with such a memory as my Biddy?”

‘Few, indeed,’ returned Julia, ‘have the advantage of a memory so retentive.’

“Few!” said Mrs. Botherim; “I don’t believe there is the like on’t. She will talk you out of any book she has been reading, for the length of a whole hour, and never once put in a word of her own.

It

It is a fine thing to have such a genius! I wonder, for my part, who she takes after. Dear Mr. Botherim was, to be sure, a very learned man, but he kept it all to himself."

'My father was no philosopher,' said Bridgetina; 'he cultivated no sensations but those of the palate; his distinguishing taste in cookery shewed, however, that he was not totally destitute of *powers*. Had these *powers*, by some early combination of circumstances, taken a metaphysical direction, he might, doubtless, have enlightened the world.'

"See, now," cried Mrs. Botherim, "what it is to reason! There have all the people in our town been wondering for this week past at the learned pig; when, if they had known any thing of them there *powers* and *combinations of circumstances* that Biddy speaks of, the learning of the pig would have been accounted for at once."

Julia could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of the fond mother; but found something so pleasing in the expression of maternal affection, that though thus united to weakness, she could not behold it with indifference. She exerted herself to entertain the old lady by her own and Bridgetina's conversation; for to Julia was Mrs. Botherim indebted for every sentence that was uttered by her daughter, who conceived it to be great loss of time to converse with one who was incapable of canvassing the nice points of her extraordinary system.

As Mrs. Botherim took leave, another visitor to Julia was announced. It was the faithful old Quinten, her father's servant, who had been on a six weeks' leave of absence into Yorkshire, from whence he had returned the preceding evening. Captain Delmond himself was not more shocked at the first accounts of Julia's misfortune, than was this affectionate creature. He could

not

not get it from his mind all night. ‘ If I had not gone on this fool’s journey, now, (said he) this accident would never have happened. I would have attended Miss myself, and taken care that no harm had come on her. I would ha’ died sooner than that she should have been so hurt. I wish I had been at home.’

Thus did the poor fellow continue to lament over the misfortune of his young mistress, which he entirely attributed to his own absence; and in the morning, much as his wearied limbs demanded repose, he intreated permission to go to see her with so much earnestness, that Captain Delmond could not refuse his request.

“ Welcome home again, my good Quinten!” cried Julia, as he entered, holding out her hand to the old veteran, who advanced respectfully towards her. “ I hope you have been well since you left us, and I am indeed very glad to see you safe returned.”

‘God blefs thee, dear young lady!’ faid Quinten, the tears running down his furrowed cheeks, ‘God Almighty blefs thee! I fhall never forgive myfelf for going away at fuch a time. If I had been at home, I fhould ha’ prevented it; I know I fhould.’

“Indeed, my good Quinten, no one could have prevented it;” faid Julia.

Quinten fhook his head. ‘Who can tell, Mifs,’ faid he, ‘what one might ha’ done? Old as I am, I’m not yet fo feeble but that I might ha’ ftopped the horfe; or, perhaps, faved your fall—or——Well, well! it was the very devil himfelf that contrived thefe curfed gigs, that’s for certain. They are more dangerous, and do more mischief in the courfe of one fummer, than any one of our beft field-pieces in a whole campaign. There was a gentleman and his wife nearly killed t’other day out of them whirligigs, as I paffed through Newark. May I be fhot for a coward, if I would not fooner march up to the very muzzle

muzzle of the enemy's guns, than venture into one of them.'

"A great many accidents are occasioned by them, to be sure," said Julia; "but I shall soon get the better of mine; I am almost well already."

'Thank God you are!' said Quinten; 'but I shall never be happy, till I see you tripping it about again, as you used to do. It breaks my heart to think what his Honour must ha' suffered in bearing you so long from his sight. Before he ever saw you, Miss, it was the joy of his heart to hear what a pretty baby you were. I remember, it was just as we were recovering from the third fever we had in that vile pestilence of a place, on the very morning that Ensign Wilson died; Captain More and Lieutenant Danby had been buried the day before; and in the course of the week seventeen of the stateliest fellows in our company had all dropped off, and made such a blank in our ranks, that it shook the

the bravest spirit of us all; had they met their death in the field, it would have been nothing; but to die without having fired a shot—without having so much as seen the enemy—'twas enough to vex the bravest man alive! Well, just at this time I heard of the arrival of the packet; and though scarcely able to crawl out of my room, I went as fast as my limbs would let me, to see if there were any letters for my master. I got one, and came back with it so joyfully! I thought no more of my weakness. Here, (said I) please your Honour, here is a cordial for your Honour's heart, that will do it more good than all the drugs in the medicine-chest. Had you but seen, Miss, how his sunk eyes revived at the sight! "It is a letter from my wife!" said he, as he took it from me with his wasted hand; and holding it to his heart, he wept just like a baby. As he read it, I stood at the foot of the bed, and when I saw how happy he looked,

(though

(though the tears still stood in his eyes) I could have cried for joy too. 'I knew it would be a cordial to your Honour's heart;' said I. "It is indeed, Quinten, (said my master) a very great one. And Quinten, (said he) here is a crown to drink my wife and daughter's health. My dear girl comes on charmingly; (said he) by all accounts, she will make as great a beauty as her mother." And would you believe it, Miss, from that very hour he recovered; and had it not been for another fever, in which no letter from England arrived to comfort him, he might ha' been as well now as ever.'

"You are a kind-hearted soul," said Julia, "and I hope you have been made happy with your friends. How did you find them?"

"Oh, Miss, (returned Quinten) I have no friends in Yorkshire now. Death has struck every soul off the muster-roll that either cared for me, or that I cared for.

My

My two brothers, my uncles, my cousins, all were dead. Not even an old school-fellow remained in the place, excepting one who was the son of the shoe-maker, a top man in the village, worth a deal of money, and kept as warm a house as any man in his station in all the Riding. But see the chance of war! What man can be sure that his son will maintain his post in the same condition in which he leaves it to him? Poor Jack is now, in his old age, obliged to go upon the parish; but the honest fellow has a heart still. He was as glad to see me, Miss, as if I had been his brother; related the history of all our old school-mates; and told me that I had still a near relation left—my brother William's son, who had got greatly up in the world, and was a manufacturer at Halifax, he said. So I thought I would go to see him, out of respect to his father's memory, who I loved very dearly. I little thought that the son of my brother would be ashamed to own me;

me; but the pitiful dog is so puffed up with pride, that he scorned to call an honest soldier uncle. Well, (said I) thank God! I have the house of my own dear master to return to. He knows that I am no sneaker. Under his command I have fought for my king and country; we have battled it together with the world these thirty years past, and when marching orders for heaven shall arrive, I know his Honour won't refuse to let these old bones be placed in the ranks along-side with his own. So, Miss, here I am; and please God I shall never go from home again as long as I live.'

Julia, who had a great affection for this faithful domestic, listened to his garrulous prattle with much complacency. Observing how much he had been fatigued, she made him sit down, and ordered him a glass of wine and some biscuit. Nor did she make any apology to Bridgetina for taking this liberty, as she thought it would have been

been a sarcasm on her principles to have supposed the possibility of her taking offence from such a circumstance. Great was, therefore, her surprise, on observing the face of Bridgetina to redden with displeasure, as the old veteran retired to a chair at the further end of the room. He stood a moment after he had reached it, and on Julia's beckoning him to be seated, he put his hand upon his heart, and bowing with an expression of respect, humility, and gratitude, he sat down.

‘Upon my word, Miss Delmond,’ said Bridgetina, starting from her seat, ‘this is a liberty to which I have not been accustomed.’ And then, before Julia could possibly make any reply, she suddenly left the room.

Julia, though much disturbed at perceiving the emotion of Bridgetina, would not suffer Quinten to depart till her maid had brought him the refreshments she had ordered. She then dismissed him with a long

long and tender message to her father, who, since the departure of Miss Orwell, had through the medium of verbal messages alone heard of her welfare; Miss Botherim being too much engaged, either in studying or in talking, to have leisure to think, far less to write, upon any one's affairs but her own.

On the departure of Quinten, Bridgetina re-entered the room. As the traces of displeasure were still visible in her countenance, Julia began an immediate apology for the liberty she had taken in desiring the old domestic to sit down. "I thought," said she, "that when you considered the long journey the poor fellow has so lately had, and observed how much he appeared to be worn out with fatigue, you could not possibly have been displeased."

'How much soever I admire the beautiful system of perfect and compleat equality,' said Bridgetina, 'I hold every partial and premature attempt at introducing it to
be

be improper, and therefore must declare my opinion of its impropriety.'

"Indeed," replied Julia, "I had no thoughts of introducing equality at all. I only wished to rest poor old Quinten's legs for a few minutes. I am sorry it offended you; but surely, if philosophy teaches us that the difference of ranks is an obstacle to perfectibility, it cannot be truly philosophical tenaciously to adhere to the imaginary distinctions that so unfortunately separate us from our fellow-creatures. Have not I a thousand times heard you lament the present miserable state of things, and pathetically mourn over the wretched depression of the lower ranks?"

'Oh, yes,' said Bridgetina; 'in a general view, nothing to be sure is so deplorable. But the age of reason is not yet far enough advanced for people to desire their servants to sit down in the same room with them. The time will come, to be sure, when all the unhappy distinctions of station,
and

and rank, and sex, and age, shall be abolished; when all shall be equally wise, and equally poor, and equally virtuous. Oh, happy period! Oh, much wished-for æra of felicity!"

"But pray how is this blessed state to be brought about," said Julia, "if every one pertinaciously refuses to descend, and proudly prohibits the exaltation of his inferiors?"

"It will all be brought about by the dissemination of philosophy," said Bridgetina. "All will be then enlightened; but at present——"

"Well," cried Julia, "here comes Mr. Vallaton to decide upon our dispute—which of us have been in the right he shall now determine."

Vallaton was no sooner seated, than Julia informed him of the incident which had occurred, dwelling much upon the virtues of the old domestic, for whom she expressed much kindness and attachment.

"As

“As to desiring the person you mention to sit down,” said Vallaton, “you certainly did it from a principle of benevolence, and as such it cannot be very severely reprehended; though upon investigation, it may appear to have been founded upon mistake. True benevolence, or rather real virtue, (for there is, strictly speaking, no such thing as benevolence) gives no preference to any object, but for the sake of certain beneficial qualities which really exist in that object. Now what beneficial qualities can possibly exist in a man who, for thirty years, has been in a state of servitude and depression? How long must every nobler power of the soul have been lost in the degrading habitude of submission? *If the hopelessness of his condition have not long ere now, blunted every finer feeling of his mind, giving him for the habits of his reflection slavery and contentment, must he not cherish in his bosom a burning envy, an unextinguishable abhor-*

rence

*rence against the injustice of society?** Such a person cannot, therefore, be a proper object of regard."

'But, indeed,' said Julia, 'honest Quinten is the very reverse of all this; he is quite a noble-minded creature; indeed he is. The affectionate attachment he has shewn to my father and his family is beyond all description. And so disinterested is his regard, that when my father would, on coming home, have dismissed him from his service, as thinking it inconsistent with his plan of economy to keep a man-servant in his house, Quinten, on his knees, besought him to suffer him to stay without wages, which he said his Chelsea pension rendered now superfluous. I shall break my heart if I leave you, (said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes) and what good will this pension do me then? I could not bear the thoughts of your honour's being without a servant now, when

* See the Enquirer, by Godwin.

you stand more in need of one than ever; indeed I could not, said he, with so beseeching a look, that my father could not resist it. He wept as much as Quinten, while I climbed up on his knees, and casting my arms about his neck, My dear papa won't let the good Quinten leave us, cried I, I'm sure he won't. A speech for which poor Quinten has ever since been so grateful, that I am persuaded he would lay down his life to serve me!

“Is it possible that the enlightened mind of my lovely Julia does not perceive, that all she has said tends rather to confirm than to rebut the force of my argument, which goes to prove that, as a servant, this person *must inevitably be destitute* of the best characteristics of a rational being. This blind affection, this degrading gratitude, which, it would seem, has excited your regard—how dark and ignoble is the source from whence it springs! But this fellow has not only been a servant, he has been a soldier.

He

*He has learned ferocity in the school of murder. His mind has been familiarized to the most dreadful spectacles. He is totally ignorant of the principles of human nature. Whatever appearance he may wear, depend upon it he is at bottom mean, base, cruel, and arrogant; since it is impossible that a soldier should not be a depraved and unnatural being.”**

“They may be so in general,” replied Julia; “but I am sure both Quinten and his master are exceptions to the general rule. They, I am certain, have of each them hearts as good, and tender, and humane, as any human being ever yet possessed.”

“Impossible!” cried Vallaton; “utterly impossible! It is only, believe me, charming Julia, it is only from having been so fatally accustomed to their prejudices, that you view them with indifference. Could you divest yourself of that weak

* See Enquirer.

partiality, which so unhappily throws its delusive mist before your eyes, you would view with just and noble abhorrence those very persons who are now the objects of your much-mistaken regard. There is no point of philosophy more difficult of acquirement, than that which teaches us to make a proper estimate of the merits of individuals. This never can be done till we consider them, not with regard to ourselves, but to general utility. When our minds, purified from every narrow and illiberal prejudice, are enabled to take this enlarged and comprehensive view, our regards will be no longer influenced by the mean consideration of friendship or affection; we shall no longer admire any casual virtue; but in exact and just proportion to the talents, the powers, and capacity of the object, will be our reverence and esteem."

"Alas!" said Julia, "how few are capable of this discernment! How few possess the strength of mind necessary for exerting it!"

"Few,

“Few, to be sure, in the present depraved state of society,” said Vallaton; “but it is only the regard of those few that possesses any real value. What is the indiscriminating affection of a parent, whose weak and selfish fondness blindly doats upon a child, because, forsooth, he believes it to be his own? What is it, when put in comparison with the dignified regard of an enlarged and philosophic mind, which has attentively weighed its merits? How many beauties, how many excellences do I discover in the soul of Julia, which were never discerned by the eye of her father? From an accurate examination of the powers of her mind, I bow before her as the first of human beings; while her father merely loves her for the obedience that has been subservient to his will, and beholds in her an object that at once soothes his pride, exalts his consequence, and gratifies his ambition.”

Julia sighed deeply at this mortifying view of the motives of her father's tenderness; and Vallaton, perceiving the impression he had made, continued his attack upon her prejudices, which he carried on in so masterly a manner, that Julia, though she could not easily pluck from her heart the deeply-rooted sentiments of filial tenderness, was too much ashamed of her weakness to give encouragement to their growth. Finding herself incapable of refuting the arguments of her logical admirer, she readily admitted the belief that refutation was impossible; and so artfully did he contrive to mingle argument with flattery, that vanity and self-love were too much interested in the truth of his representations to render her solicitous of having them contradicted.

CHAP. VII.

- "Fancy! thou busy offspring of the mind;
- "Thou roving, ranging rambler, unconfin'd;
- "Pleasing, displeasing, aping, marring, making;
- "Oft right for wrong, and wrong for right mistaking."

BRIDGETINA, to whom every day became more and more insupportable, was at length gratified by the appearance of Henry Sydney. The cruel youth, taking no notice of her soft embarrassment, totally regardless of the faint scream she uttered, or of the soft languishment of her non-bewitching eyes, only made her a slight bow, and advanced to enquire for Julia, to whom, and whom alone, he thought it necessary to make any apology for his absence.

While

While he addressed himself to Julia, Bridgetina regarded him with much attention; she observed that an air of melancholy overspread his countenance, that he looked pale and thoughtful, and that the quick intelligence of his dark and brilliant eyes was exchanged for heavy languor and listless dejection.

The heart of Bridgetina beat quick at the discovery. "It is evident," said she to herself, "that this dear youth has been made miserable by this cruel separation. Yes;—the pangs of absence have been more than he could bear. Delightful sensibility! enchanting tenderness! how amiably interesting do ye make him now appear!" Then addressing herself to Henry. "How much must it grieve the friends of Doctor Sydney," said she, "to behold him thus the prey of sorrow? It is but too evident that some tender passion preys upon his heart. Could he but consider me as worthy of his confidence, with what delight
would

would I soothe each tender emotion of his troubled mind."

'You are very good, Madam,' said Henry, smiling. 'I really did not know that my feelings had been quite so apparent; but you will not wonder that I should be a little out of spirits, when I inform you that I leave W—— to-morrow; and that it is probable I shall never more return to it as a place of residence.'

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Bridgetina, "is it possible! Can you really be so cruel, so barbarous, so insensible to the affection—"

'I am certain,' said Julia, (interrupting her friend, for whom she blushed nearly as deeply as Henry had done from the force of her expressions, which he was convinced could only allude to one object) 'I am certain,' said Julia, 'that the friends of Dr. Sydney must, indeed, suffer much from the loss of his society. I pity poor Maria from my heart.'

"What

“What is the affection of Maria,” exclaimed Bridgetina, “or of a thousand Marias, in comparison of that heart-bursting emotion—those romantic, high-wrought, frenzied feelings, which are inspired by fierce and ardent love? Doctor Sydney must know that he leaves behind him one person, and one alone, who is capable of such a tide of tenderness.”

‘Good God!’ cried Henry, in amazement, ‘what is it you mean?’ Then recollecting himself, ‘What a fool I am,’ said he, ‘not to perceive your intention of making a jest of me.’

“Me jest!” said Bridgetina, “no one can say that I ever made a jest, or so much as laughed at one in the course of my whole life. On a subject so serious, in a moment of such impression, it is not likely that I should speak lightly. Ah! too well you know the truth, the cruel truth of the circumstance to which I allude,”

‘You

‘ You astonish me beyond measure,’ said Henry. ‘ But do not thus play with my feelings, I beseech you: for heaven’s sake be more explicit.’

“ It is you that ought to be more explicit, I think,” returned Bridgetina. “ Why, acting under the influence of false delicacy, of erroneous prejudices, do you forbear to come to an explanation with her whose happiness, whose fate is in your hands? What right have you by suspense to destroy her peace, by delay to protract her utility?”

‘ You astonish me more and more,’ said Henry, in the greatest agitation. ‘ But since you have so unaccountably discovered the secret of my heart, in justice to myself, I think I am bound to explain to you the motives of my conduct. The passion that inspires my breast, I have indeed laboured to conceal. Alas! I now find how ineffectually. But when I considered the narrowness of my fortune, the precariousness

riousness of a profession, in which neither assiduity nor abilities can ensure success, I thought it would be ungenerous and base to seek to bind by an engagement the hand and heart of her whose happiness is, and ever will be, dearer to me than my own. No, never will I be so vilely selfish; she shall be free, though to her I am bound in ties indissoluble and eternal!"

"And do you really feel for her so much affection?" cried Bridgetina, softening her shrill voice as much as possible. "And do you think," continued she, "that she is less generous, less noble-minded than yourself? Ah! no; be assured she is at this moment ready and willing to sacrifice to you all the false prejudices of a depraved and misjudging world. What is the world to her who exists, who lives, who breathes but for you alone?"

"Dear Miss Botherin," said Henry, "you at once delight and grieve me by what you say. Dear as the flattering idea
of

of being beloved is to my heart, it but renders the cruelty of my situation the more intolerable. Shall I take advantage of such endearing sensibility? Shall I involve a generous and exalted woman in my misfortunes? Good heavens, how miserable is my situation!

“And why miserable?” returned Bridgetina. “Why is your situation to be deplored. It is this depraved and distempered state of civilization, that alone puts present happiness beyond your reach; but this is not an evil without a remedy. Leave this corrupt and barren wilderness, where the rank weed of prejudice spreads pestilence and perdition through the tainted air, and in a region uncorrupted by the baleful institutions of society, enjoy the delicious delirium of sweet and mutual love.”

Henry stared at this speech, which was to him totally incomprehensible. Before he had time to ask for any explanation, the entrance of Mr. Gubbles put an end to the conversation.

Henry,

Henry, deeply agitated by what he had heard from Bridgetina, now gave himself up to joy at the discovery of Harriet's affection; and again relapsed into the most gloomy melancholy from the cruel recollection of the barrier which remained, and might long remain, to oppose their union. His resolution of leaving W—— without making any declaration of his passion began to waver. It was the idea of her happiness that had determined his silence, but now that he had been so plainly informed of her tenderness for him, he thought it would be equally cruel and dishonourable to leave her in any suspense concerning his sentiments.

Bridgetina, on the entrance of Mr. Gubbles, thought it necessary to retire, in order to conceal her emotion; which was, however, observable to no eyes but of Julia, as in truth she was the only person who either looked at or thought of her at all. She had not yet returned, when

Henry,

Henry, impatient to be gone, hastily took leave of Julia; who, much astonished at his whole behaviour, asked if he would not stay to see Miss Botherim. ‘She will have the goodness to excuse me,’ said he, ‘as my time is now so limited;’ and then again repeating his wishes for Julia’s speedy and compleat recovery, he departed.

With hasty steps he proceeded to Dr. Orwell’s. As he drew near the house, a thousand different emotions crouded on his mind; much as he was flattered by the pleasing certainty of Harriet’s attachment, his delicacy was in some degree hurt by her making a confidante of Miss Botherim.

‘What a perverse, what an inconsistent being is man!’ said he to himself, with a deep sigh. ‘How miserable did I deem the anxiety of doubt! how often have I trembled with the apprehensions of Harriet’s indifference! and now that I have nought to fear, I am less happy, less contented than ever! Oh, had I wooed the confession from
her

her own lips, how blessed would it have made me! But is not this vile, is it not ungrateful? Yes, dear Harriet, I ought, and I shall love you more than ever.'

He entered the house without ceremony, and proceeded to the saloon; where he beheld Harriet sitting at a small work-table which stood near the window. Her clasped hands rested on a folded letter which lay on the table, on the direction of which her eyes seemed to dwell with that unconscious fixedness which denotes deep and painful meditation. Tears trickled fast down her lovely cheeks, and a long and heavy sigh heaved her bosom. On perceiving Henry, she instantly took up the letter, and hastily putting it in her pocket, endeavoured to resume an air of cheerfulness and serenity.

'I fear I intrude upon you,' said Henry, 'but I know your goodness will pardon my intrusion, when I tell you that the long-dreaded hour of my departure is arrived; that

that short is the time I can now enjoy the society most dear to me; soon, very soon must I be torn from it, perhaps for ever.'

"I am extremely sorry to hear it," said Harriet, with much composure in her looks, but in accents scarcely articulate; "though, as I hope it will be for your advantage, your real friends ought rather to rejoice than grieve at the event."

"And can Miss Orwell part with her old friend thus coolly?" said Henry.

"No one can take a deeper interest in the happiness of their friends than I do," replied Harriet. "Could my friendship be of service to you, you should find that it was neither lukewarm nor insincere. For your kind attentions to this family in our late affliction, I can never be either ungrateful nor forgetful; but——" Here her voice totally failing her, she stopped a moment; and then, as if recollecting herself, said, "I must acquaint my father with your being here; he too, I know, will wish to return
you

you his grateful acknowledgments, and will be sorry to lose a moment of your company."

'Cruel Harriet!' said Henry, 'in a moment such as this to talk of thanks for the common offices of humanity! When my full heart is bursting with anxiety to communicate to you the sensations which agitate it almost to madness, will you refuse to me the consolation of a hearing?'

"Doctor Sydney," said Harriet, with a look of mingled dignity and sweetness, "do not think me either insensible or capricious. You can have nothing to communicate to me to which I ought to listen, that you may not freely speak in presence of my father."

Often (thought Henry) have I heard of the caprice of the sex, but never did I imagine that in Harriet Orwell I should behold a proof of it. 'And do you,' said he, 'indeed prohibit me to make use of this last, this only opportunity of declaring to you the state of my heart! of———,

"Indeed

"Indeed," said Harriet, interrupting him, "it is very foolish, very improper to have any conversation of this kind." And then hastily pulling the bell, she desired the servant, who immediately entered, to acquaint her father that Doctor Sydney wished to see him.

Vexed, mortified, and disappointed, Henry stood for some moments silent. 'Am I in a dream?' at length he exclaimed. 'Is it from Miss Orwell's lips I hear these words? Has she then no regard, no pity, no feeling for me? Vain illusion! (continued he, in great agitation, striking his hand against his forehead) oh, how fully is my temerity and presumption punished!'

"I am truly grieved," said Harriet, in great confusion, "I am sorry, I am distressed to see you so much agitated. But if the assurance of my *friendship*—my sincere and lasting friendship, can afford you any consolation, it ever has been—it ever will be yours."

Her trembling lip and faltering voice, as she pronounced these words, proclaimed the agitation of her heart. Hearing her father's step in the passage, she arose, and holding out her hand to Henry, who seized it in a speechless agony of amazement and despair, "Farewell!" said she, "may happiness——" She could proceed no further; but as her father entered at one door, she hurried out at the other, and running to her own apartment, gave vent to the emotions she could no longer suppress.

Harriet had been in some degree prepared for the intended departure of Henry, of which she had heard about an hour before he came to take his leave of her. Her heart had sunk within her at the intelligence, and her agitated spirits had been forced to seek relief in a burst of involuntary sorrow. Far, however, from giving indulgence to these feelings, she had summoned up all her resolution to suppress them; she knew that Henry would cer-
tainly

tainly call to take leave, and prepared her mind to sustain the parting scene with dignity. When she had a little composed herself, she went to her bureau, took out the last letter of her beloved aunt, and endeavoured to fortify her mind by a perusal of its contents. She then bathed her eyes in cold water to take away the vestiges of her tears, and proceeded to the saloon, whither she knew Henry would be shewn; again she read over the last advice of her venerable friend, and with an enthusiasm kindled by the high-wrought emotion of her spirits, she vowed to obey her wise instructions.

How well she performed her resolution has been already seen. Her heroism was, however, pretty nearly exhausted by the time she reached her own apartment; she threw herself into a chair, and for some minutes gave way to the feelings of her deeply-wounded heart. She now regretted not having listened to Henry's de-

claration. "How cruel, how unfeeling must he now think me!" cried she; "his esteem, at least, I might surely have retained: O why did I, by the appearance of such pride, deprive myself of a regard so precious?" Thus did she for some time add to the weight of sorrow by the bitterness of self-accusation. But her understanding was too good to be long warped by the influence of passion. She soon perceived, that to have acted in any other manner would have brought on all the evils which her aunt had so forcibly pointed out; and no sooner did a consciousness of the propriety of her conduct reach her mind, than it comforted and soothed her. By an act of ardent and sincere devotion, she fortified her resolution; and while her innocent soul was poured out to heaven in earnest supplications for her lover's happiness, that serenity which is the companion of elevated sentiment, took possession of her mind.

Let

Let us now return to the mortified and disappointed Henry, who remained, for some time after she left the saloon, in such a state of stupefaction, that he was almost insensible to the presence of her father. He was at length roused from his reverie by the repeated questions of Dr. Orwell, and forced, in reply to them, to give him an account of the cause of his sudden departure from W——; which was occasioned by advice that morning received from his patroness Mrs. Fielding, through whose interest he hoped to be appointed physician to the —— Hospital, vacated by the death of Dr. ——.

Dr. Orwell very sincerely congratulated his young friend on so flattering a prospect, and highly approved of his fixing in London in preference to the country, where, though his virtues would be esteemed, his talents would be lost.

Henry in reply said, ‘ that he merely went in conformity to the opinion of his
father,

father, who did not wish to disoblige Mrs. Fielding by a non-compliance with her request. For my own share,' continued he, 'I am perfectly contented with the country, I have no wish to quit it; never shall I be so happy in any other place as I have been here; never, from the hour I leave this, shall I know a moment's peace.'

"I hope you will soon have too much business upon your hands to give you time for vain regrets," said Dr. Orwell, smiling. "Greatly, however, shall we all miss you—much have we been obliged to your attention; and wherever you are, the best wishes of me and of my family will attend you. Surely Harriet did not know that you were going away so soon, or she would not have run away without bidding you farewell. But, poor girl, you must excuse her; she has now a great many domestic concerns to look after. I can assure you she wishes you well, and will never forget your kind attention to her aunt."

Henty

Henry, much distressed by this speech, and unable to carry on the conversation any farther, suddenly started up, and shaking hands with his good old friend, bid him farewell, and went away as fast as possible. The behaviour of Harriet had astonished as much as it had mortified him. Prepossessed with the idea of Miss Botherim's being in her confidence, (for how else could she attain the knowledge of the disposition of her heart?) he could not doubt of her affection. From whence, then, proceeded this unnecessary and vexatious reserve? Why to Miss Botherim so free and open in the acknowledgement of her attachment, and to himself so backward as not even to deign to listen to his vows? "Alas! it is but too evident," cried he; "pride and ambition have stifled the voice of love: it is at the suggestion of those accursed passions that she rejects the man her heart approves. O Harriet, Harriet! how opposite to the exalted generosity of thy

thy sentiments, is thy present conduct? If excellence such as thine be found imperfect, in whom may we hereafter confide?" Thus did he continue to upbraid the gentle Harriet for a behaviour, which could he but have read her heart, and seen its real motives there displayed, would have rendered her more estimable, more amiable in his eyes than ever.

And here, kind reader, of whatever age or gender thou mayest haply chance to be, we entreat thee to make one moment's pause; and to be so obliging as to give a glance towards the person whose conduct thou hast last condemned. Believe it certain, that with all thy penetration thou mayest, peradventure, have mistaken the intentions of his heart. Mitigate, therefore, the fierceness of thy wrath. Retract the harshness of thy censure, and so shalt thou, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, escape the bitterness of remorse for the cruelty of injustice.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

"With too much thinking to have common thought."

Pope.

WHEN Bridgetina returned to the parlour, and found that Henry had departed without taking leave of her, she was beyond measure disconcerted. She had the day before received from Mr. Glibs a new novel, the declamatory stile and quaint phraseology of which had so highly pleased her, that anxious to dress her thoughts on the present occasion to the very best advantage, she had retired to refresh her memory with a few of the most striking passages; she now returned
fraught

fraught with three long speeches, so ardent, so expressive, so full of energy and emphasis, that it would have grieved a faint to have had them lost,

“And is he gone?” cried she, in a voice that at once denoted her surprise and mortification. “Was his sensibility too great to bear the sad—sad scene of separation? It was not his own feelings but mine, of which he was thus tender. Ah! the delightful excess of morbid sensibility!”

Julia, perceiving the astonishment of Mr. Gubbles, felt very much ashamed; and afraid lest Bridgetina should still further expose herself, begged her, in a whisper, to say no more upon the subject at present, as they should have an opportunity of talking it all over when they were alone.

“I know your meaning,” replied Bridgetina aloud, “You would have me basely conceal my sentiments, in conformity to the pernicious maxims and practices of the world. But what so much as the dread of censure

censure has cramped the energy of the female mind? Have not the first of female characters despised it? And do you think the odious fetters of a depraved society shall shackle me?"

'Indeed, Miss Botherim,' said Mr. Gubbles, "I must make bold to tell you, that if you mean, (for I cannot pretend to say that I very well understand you) but if you mean to say, that you intend to be above the censures of the world, I can assure you I never knew any good come of such notions."

"What are the censures of the world to me?" said Bridgetina. "Do you think I have not sufficient philosophy to despise them?"

'Well, well,' returned Mr. Gubbles, "I hope it will not be your case, Miss; but I must needs say, that in the long course of my practice, I never knew any one that began in despising the censures of the world, that did not conclude in deserving them."

Mr.

Mr. Gubbles then took his leave, and was no sooner gone, than Bridgetina informed Julia of her intention of following Henry to London. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Julia, "you cannot, surely, be so very imprudent as to harbour a design of this sort now? Think of the consequences to your character. Think of the distress of your mother! Nay, to Henry himself such a circumstance could not fail at present to be inconvenient and distressing to the last degree."

'To answer your objections methodically,' said Bridgetina, '(for you know I love to methodize) they are, I think, three-fold. First, with regard to my character; secondly, in respect to my mother; and thirdly, in respect to Henry himself. These are your objections; they may all, however, be answered in one word—*general utility*. What is the use of character to an individual, when put in competition with the interests of general utility? By what
moral

moral tie am I bound to consult the inclinations of my mother? The only just morals are those which tend to increase the bulk of enjoyment: my enjoyment can never be increased by living with my mother, consequently living with her is adverse to the grand end of existence—general utility. As to Henry, will not my presence increase his happiness? And is not happiness and pleasure the only true end of our being? When we attain these, do we not then best promote general utility? These are the sublime principles of philosophy, and all that opposes it is the fable of superstition.’

“ But I am not convinced, that by following Henry to London, before he has had time to arrange his affairs, or even to enter upon the profession on which he depends for his support, that you will contribute either to his happiness or your own,” said Julia.

* See Emma Courtney.

‘ What

‘What obstinacy of prejudice!’ cried Bridgetina. ‘Was not melancholy painted upon his countenance? Was not his misery, at the thoughts of leaving me, evident to the most careless observer? And shall not his happiness at again beholding me be equally apparent? Yes; I feel in myself a capacity for increasing his happiness, and my powers shall not be lost. Our souls shall mingle, our ideas shall expand together. Sensations! emotions! delicacies! sensibilities! O how shall ye overwhelm us in one great torrent of felicity!’

“Still,” said Julia, “I wish—indeed, my dear Bridgetina, I wish—that with regard to Henry, you may not labour under some mistake. Forgive me, but I think it would be wrong to conceal from you, that I have still some doubts—”

‘Doubts! after what you have heard him say?’ cried Bridgetina, interrupting her. ‘Was ever declaration more explicit? Was ever confession more sweetly candid or sincere?’

“He

“He did indeed confess that he was in love with somebody,” returned Julia; “but as he spoke in the first person, the object of his passion might, I think, be with greater probability supposed absent than present.”

The rage of Bridgetina, at a supposition so injurious to her wishes, and so destructive of her hopes, was for some time too great for utterance. She at length, however, gave vent to her wrath, and loaded poor Julia with the bitterest reproaches, mixed with many sarcastic observations on her want of penetration. Julia was at great pains to appease her, in which she at length happily succeeded; and though she could by no means prevail upon her to relinquish the plan of following Henry to London, she extorted from her a promise of delay.

Bridgetina then entered into a very long, and doubtless a very instructive, investigation of the nature of mind; proving, by a
thousand

thousand irrefragable arguments, the utter impossibility of Henry's having continued insensible to the charms of her mental qualifications; and concluded her oration by an observation so full of novelty and wisdom, that it alone were sufficient to immortalize her name. 'Having proved,' said she, 'that mind is superior to matter, and never more superior than when the faculties are in the full vigour of youth, it necessarily follows, that were man, uncorrupted by the prejudices of society, to act from the pure impulse of nature, he would, in the wild career of energetic youth, despise the trifling disadvantages of ugliness and decrepitude. Regardless of the mere forms of matter, he would leave the unnatural admiration of beauty to the old, the dull, and the insensible; and seek for the object of his affection a discussing, a reasoning, and an investigating mind. This is the true course of nature! This is the most sublime proof of the perfectibility of man!"

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

"Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 "Whether he thinks too little or too much;
 "Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd,
 "Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd."

POPE.

JULIA was now so far recovered, as to be able to walk across the room with very little help. She could sit up the whole day, without experiencing any inconvenience; and, certain that she could well bear the motion of a carriage, she would no longer have delayed her removal to her father's house, had it not been for the earnest intreaties of Vallaton.

She asked him, with a smile, if any thing was to prevent his seeing her there as frequently as he did in her present situation?

“Alas!” returned Vallaton, “I may, indeed, have there the pleasure of beholding you, of hearing the music of your voice; but can I pour out my soul to you in the presence of your father, as I do now in this blessed retirement? Ah! dearest Julia, do not so soon deprive me of the exquisite happiness I have of late enjoyed. If you have any regard for me, you will not hesitate to prolong the period of my felicity.”

Julia, who was herself too happy in the uninterrupted enjoyment of her lover's conversation to be very solicitous of change, consented to remain for some days longer. Meantime the sky brightened up, the sun again shone forth, the floods abated, and Vallaton on his next visit brought such an account of the dryness of the road, as induced Bridgetina, who was all impatience to learn some tidings of the young physician, to propose walking to her mother's, leaving Vallaton *tête à tête* with Julia, till her return. Her proposal met with no opposition

opposition from either of the parties, and she immediately set out.

By incessantly ruminating on her own situation, she had worked her mind into a state of effervescence, whose airy fumes so compleatly filled the light balloon of fancy, that judgment and common-sense (like the adventurous brothers* of aerostatic memory) suffered themselves to be carried along by its wild career.

Full of distinguishing herself by some bold step that should immortalize her fame, she walked on with precipitation, unheedful of every object, careless of every observer; sometimes stopping to make a soliloquy, sometimes trotting along as fast as the shortness of her legs would permit; till, when about half-way to the town, she was stopped by Mrs. Delmond, who was thus far on her road to visit Julia. Mrs. Delmond was surprised by seeing her, and immediately enquired for her daughter. Bridgetina only

* Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier. stayed

stayed to say, that she would find Julia very well; and then, careless of Mrs. Delmond's intreaties that she would be so good as to take up her gown, which trailed after her upon the dirty road, she set off with redoubled speed.

A few steps from her mother's door she was met by Mr. Glib. "How d'ye do, citizen Miss?" cried he, as soon as he observed her. "Exerting your energies, I see. That's it! energies do all. Make your legs grow long in a twinkling. Won't then sweep streets with your gown. All owing to this d****d good-for-nothing state of civilization. No short legs in an enlightened society. All the Hottentots tall and strait as May-poles."

"Certainly," said Bridgetina, bridling, "if a person of energetic mind chooses to be tall, there is nothing to hinder it; mind, we all know, being despotic over matter; but I see no good in being tall, for my share, and would much rather remain as I am."

"As

“As you are, Miss?” cried Glib, grinning. “No, no; change your mind, when you get among the Gonoquais. Grand scheme goes bravely on. Four new philosophers agreed to go already. Nothing at our house but preparations. Shut up shop to-morrow. Ship to be freighted soon. Only want the cash. Philosophers all sadly out at elbows. Depend on you for five hundred.”

‘Yes,’ replied Bridgetina, ‘and I hope to bring an acquisition to the party of more real value than fifty times five hundred.’ She had now reached her mother’s door, but finding her not at home, she proceeded without delay to the house of Mr. Sydney.

Maria was at home, and alone; her spirits dejected by parting with her brother, who had ever been the object of her fondest affection—an affection now increased by the stronger ties of tender friendship, unbounded confidence, and exalted esteem. She would willingly have been excused
from

from the painful task of talking on common topics with such visitors as chance might send her, at a time when her full heart was occupied by its own feelings; but as she had early learned too great a respect for truth to command a domestic to commit a breach of it, she did not assume the privilege of being denied. Nor did she, like some pretenders to sanctity, make amends to herself for the self-denial practised in one instance, by the indulgence of peevishness or ill-humour in another; but representing her mortification at being thus unseasonably disturbed, she received our heroine, if not with the dissembled smile of pleasure, with the urbanity of real hospitality.

Bridgetina instantly enquired for Henry. When she heard that he had set off early in the morning, she burst into an exclamation of sorrow. “And is he gone?” cried she. “Gone, without one tender adieu? Cruel Henry! why didst thou thus leave me? why deny me the delicious agony of a parting embrace?”

embrace? But thy feelings were too much awakened! thy manly soul struggled with the suffocating sensations of sorrowing sensibility! Tell me, Maria! tell me, I conjure you, every word he said. Did he not murmur at his cruel fate? did he not sigh? did he not appear extremely wretched?"

'If you mean my brother,' said Maria, 'it cannot be doubted that he was very sorry to part with us. He has too much feeling to leave his friends with indifference.'

"Feeling!" cried Bridgetina, "Oh, he is all feeling, all sensibility, and softness, and interesting melancholy. But grieve not for him, Maria; soon shall I soothe his sorrows with the tender assiduity of unsophisticated and affective love; soon will I clasp him to my throbbing bosom; soon—"

'Indeed, Miss Botherim,' said Maria, 'you talk very wildly. I suppose you mean to rally me for my dejection; but indeed, this not the way to increase my spirits.'

"Has

“Has your brother then not told you of our loves?”

“Why, my dear Miss Botherim, will you persist in this absurd way of speaking? Indeed it is not kind; my spirits are by no means equal to it.”

“Why will you persist,” returned Bridgetina, “in believing me not to be serious? Never was I more so, I do assure you, in my life. Henry was wrong in concealing from you his long and tender attachment; but since upon the formation of our first attachment depends the colour of our future life, happy may you be that existing circumstances led him to such an object. Yes, Maria, rejoice that your brother loves one who glories in returning his tenderness; who, with inexpressible yearnings, pants to convince him of the power he has obtained over her heart.”

“For heaven’s sake,” cried Maria, “to what do you allude? To whom is my brother thus attached? How did you come by his confidence?”

“To

“To whom is your brother attached?” repeated Bridgetina; “to whom should he possibly be attached, but to me? Yes; long the fierce consuming fire has flamed in secret; nor till yesterday morning did it get vent in the dear interesting channel of a full explanation. Oh, Maria, how did our souls then mingle! how delicious was the sympathetic tenderness that heaved our throbbing hearts!”

Amazed, yet doubting, Maria stared upon Bridgetina; at length, recovering herself, ‘I see, Miss Botherim,’ said she gravely, ‘you have a mind to amuse yourself by an experiment upon my credulity; but I am not so easily deceived. Believe me, we have had enough of this foolish conversation, and had better change the subject.’

Bridgetina, much offended at a speech which insinuated a doubt of her being the object of Henry’s affection, retorted with some warmth; and by a minute detail of the conversation that had taken place the preceding

ceding day, laboured to enforce the conviction, while she increased the astonishment of his sister.

In repeating what had been said by Henry, Bridgetina followed the method observed by many worthy people, who, from a benevolent desire of making whatever they recount appear to the best advantage, take the trouble of translating every sentence into their own language, and thus kindly bestow upon their friends their own peculiar turn of expression. So effectually, in the present instance, did Bridgetina pursue this admirable plan, that she made the declaration of Henry appear, even to the prejudiced mind of his sister, as full and unequivocal as it had done to her own. Every word she uttered filled the breast of Maria with an increasing portion of astonishment and dismay.

That Henry, the brother in whom her hopes were fondly centered; he, to whom, in her opinion, belonged all excellence and perfection;

perfection; whose sentiments were so delicate, whose observation was so penetrating; that *he* should make choice of such a woman as Miss Botherim! It was equal subject of mortification and amazement! Yet when she considered the evident perturbation of his mind, when she recollected how anxiously he had sought for an opportunity of speaking to her unobserved by their father, which many little cross accidents had interposed to prevent; and that he had been forced to depart without an opportunity of communicating to her what seemed to hang so heavy on his mind; the recollection seemed to confirm the truth of the extraordinary tale. Bridgetina proceeded to mention her intention of immediately following Henry to London, and taking out her tablet, desired his address.

“Impossible!” cried Maria, reddening with vexation; “It is impossible you can be so ridiculous as to harbour a thought of following my brother to London.”

‘ I not

‘I not only think of it,’ returned Bridgetina, ‘but am determined upon going. You, my dear, who are the child of prejudice and superstition, would, perhaps, startle at the idea of following a lover. You have not strength of mind to devote yourself to that *moral martyrdom* which every female, who enters upon the grand path of true philosophy, must, in this depraved and corrupt state of civilization, be certain to encounter.’

“Indeed, indeed, Miss Botherin, these fine theories do very well to talk about,” returned Maria; “but believe me, they were never meant for practice. Think but for a moment on the consequences that must ensue both to yourself and my brother, from persisting in a project so wild—so ridiculous. And I am sure you have too much sense to proceed any farther in a scheme that must bring ruin to you both.”

‘My scheme,’ said Bridgetina, ‘is too extensive for any but a mind of great powers

ers to comprehend. It is not bounded by the narrow limits of individual happiness, but extends to embrace the grand object of general utility. Your education has been too confined to enable you to follow an energetic mind in which passions generate powers, and powers generate passions; and powers, passions, and energies, germinate to general usefulness. I see you do not understand this; it is, indeed, beyond the comprehension of a vulgar mind; but when I have more leisure I shall be happy to enter with you into an investigation of the subject. As I know the address of Mrs. Fielding, it is of little consequence whether I have your brother's or not; so good-bye!

"Do not go, I beseech you," cried Maria, "do not go, dear Miss Botherham, till I talk to you a little further upon this subject. You would not, sure you would not wish to injure the interests of my brother, whose principal dependence is on the friendship of Mrs. Fielding. What would

would she think of seeing a lady come after him to London? What could she think, that would not be injurious to the honour and character of both?"

'If she be a person of such vulgar prejudices, her opinion is of little consequence,' answered Bridgetina. 'But make yourself easy, Maria, I have for Henry a scheme of happiness in view, which will make the friendship of Mrs. Fielding very immaterial.' So saying, Bridgetina hurried away without listening to any further expostulation, leaving poor Maria a prey to the most harassing perplexity and vexation.

Greatly she now regretted the absence of her father, who had gone to pay a visit to a gentleman in the country, in order to procure from him an introduction to his numerous connections in London in favour of Henry; and as this gentleman's house was ten miles distant from W—, she thought it probable he might not return till the following day. Upon this emergency,

gency, she determined to consult her friend Miss Orwell; and if she found that Bridgetina still persisted in her extraordinary plan, resolved to apply to Dr. Orwell himself for his interference; as his voice, she thought, would be effectual for its prevention.

She instantly hurried to the parsonage, where she found Harriet busily employed in preparing baby-linen for the wife of a poor labourer, who had that morning been brought to-bed of twins, and was altogether unprovided for this double demand upon her tiny wardrobe. The other children, whose noisy prattle disturbed the mother's repose, Harriet had brought home with her in the morning, and found their company very efficacious in driving away the troublesome companion—*thought*.

She dismissed her little guests on the entrance of Maria, whose countenance betrayed such symptoms of agitation, that it struck dismay to her inmost soul. She took Maria's hand, and with faltering voice,

voice, enquired if any thing had befallen her. “Has your brother—has any accident—Oh! for heaven’s sake, speak.”

‘My brother, I hope, is well,’ returned Maria; ‘but he has lost himself—has thrown himself away—has—Oh! Harriet, how shall I tell you?—he has engaged himself to Miss Botherim.’

“To Miss Botherim!” repeated Harriet, staring wildly upon Maria, whose feelings were now so overcome, that she could no longer refrain from tears, but throwing her arms round her lovely friend, for some time wept in silence on her neck. Harriet, stupified by the information she had received, made no attempt to interrupt her. Yet though tears are sometimes it is said infectious, not one found its way to the eyes of Harriet. She neither moved nor spake, till Maria, her voice half choaked in sobs, exclaimed, O Harriet! the sister of my heart, how often have I flattered myself that you, you were the ob-

ject

ject of my brother's love. You, indeed, were formed to make him happy—but Miss Botherim!—O what forcery has bewitched him?”

Whether it was the extreme tenderness of Maria's accent, as she pronounced these words, that touched some unison in Harriet's heart, or whether it was the words themselves that struck the chords of feeling, we know not; but they produced upon Harriet the instantaneous effect of sympathy. She strained Maria to her bosom, and mingled her tears with hers. After the first emotions of both had a little subsided, Maria proceeded fully to relate what she had learned from Miss Botherim, and by her relation, excited in Harriet feelings still more poignant than those she had herself experienced.

Harriet had indeed still more reason for astonishment: for though Henry had never talked to her of love, he had, by a long series of minute and delicate attentions, given

her such unequivocal proofs of his partiality, that she could as soon have entertained doubts of her own existence as of the sincerity of his affection. As Maria proceeded in her narration, a thousand recollected proofs of tenderness rushed upon her mind. She remembered, too, how uneasy he had ever appeared in the presence of Miss Botherin, for whom he seemed to entertain an unconquerable dislike. Could this be affectation? Could it be a mask to conceal his real sentiments from observation? In any other instance Harriet would not have hesitated to have pronounced a firm negative to those unworthy suspicions. But where is the judgment which, under the influence of passion, can coolly exercise its undiminished powers? Where the candour that jealousy cannot bias? Where the firmness that suspicion cannot shake?

“Such tricks hath strong imagination,

“That if he would but apprehend some joy,

“It comprehends some tringer of that joy;

“Or

" Or in the night imagining some fear,

" How easy is a bush supposed a bear?*"

The entrance of Dr. Orwell and Mari-
anne, put a stop to the conversation, and
restored to Harriet the liberty of rumina-
ting in silence on the strange event, which,
in spite of all she had heard, she scarcely
knew how to believe.

The Doctor spoke to Miss Sydney of
her brother, in whose welfare he took
the most sincere and friendly interest. He
talked of his journey, of his prospects, of
the probability of his success in the capital;
and mingled all he said respecting him
with such discriminating, yet ardent praise,
as would at any other time have kindled
the flame of gratitude in the breasts of
more than one of his auditors. In the
midst of his panegyrick, a loud knock at
the door announcing the approach of a
visitor, Maria, who was in no spirits for

* Shakespeare.

seeing

seeing company, would have retired; but before she could get away, Mrs. Botherim hastily entered the room.

Breathless, pale, and trembling, the poor old lady sunk into the chair that was offered her, and hiding her face with the corner of her cloak, she burst into a flood of tears. The sight of age, venerable in itself, is doubly venerable in affliction. The hearts of these amiable young people bowed before it; and each, forgetful of her own particular sorrow, turned her whole attention towards those of the unhappy mother, the cause of whose distress they were at no loss to conjecture.

“Oh! Dr. Orwell,” cried she, taking out her handkerchief to wipe away her tears; “you know what it is to be a parent, and will not wonder at what I feel, when I tell you that I have lost my child! Yes, she leaves me! she deserts me! In my old age she forsakes me! She will make my grey hairs go with sorrow to the grave!”

“Miss

‘Miss Botherim about to leave you!’ said Dr. Orwell in astonishment, ‘where is she going? Does she leave you for a husband? If so, you know, my dear madam, it is what parents must lay their accounts with.’

“Oh! it is no such thing as for a husband,” returned Mrs. Botherim; “it is for madness; for ruin, for misery! She says as how that young Dr. Sydney and she are going to live among the Hottentots. And Mr. Glib is going, and all them there philosophers are going. And this is what at last comes of all her fine learning, and all her argufications out of them there wise books. To run from her poor mother, and to go a harloting among the Hottentots! Oh! that I should ever live to see it!”

Much as Dr. Orwell was affected by the good lady’s distress, at the mention of the Hottentots, he could not help smiling. A scheme so wild was, he thought, in no danger of being put in practice. ‘Into what absurdities Mr. Glib or his friends may

may be led, I know not," said he; "but I think I can answer for Dr. Sydney, that his principles are built upon a rock, that gives security for the steadiness of his integrity and discretion."

"Oh, you know nothing of him at all," returned Mrs. Botherim. "Who would have thought that he had been all this time sily a courting o' my daughter, and 'ticing her to follow him to London, with no other view but to make her his concubine? For she told me to my face they were to live together without being married. Think of this, Dr. Orwell! think what a blow it is to my heart! oh, I shall never survive it."

"Depend upon it, Mrs. Botherim, there is some mistake in this," rejoined the Doctor. "That Doctor Sydney should take a fancy to Miss Botherim, as there is no accounting for tastes, is not impossible; but that he should be guilty of the arts of base seduction is so inconsistent with the whole tenor of his conduct, with the manly generosity

nerosity of his sentiments, with the soundness of his principles, that it is utterly incredible. The best of men, it is true, act not at all times with consistency. By the impulse of sudden passion, all are liable to be sometimes betrayed; but the transient erratic wanderings of a noble mind never reach the confines of baseness. The man who entertains exalted conceptions of the Being to whom he believes himself accountable, is not likely to lose the transcript of his image on his heart, by an act of deliberate perfidy and wickedness. Henry Sydney, I repeat it, is incapable of being the seducer of innocence."

Harriet grasped her father's hand; tears of gratitude and pleasure glistened in her eyes. Her looks spoke more than words could have conveyed, and her approbation of his opinion was by no means indifferent to Doctor Orwell, who knew the generous warmth of her feelings, and highly esteemed the soundness of her judgment.

"How greatly is my brother honored by your esteem, sir," said Maria, with great emotion; "but indeed you do not think more highly of him than he deserves."

'I know not what he deserves,' cried Mrs. Botherim; 'no, not I. If he takes away my daughter, he deserves every thing that's bad; and I should not have thought that any body would have given countenance to such doings. My poor Biddy! little did I think what all her learning was to come to! Seeing my late dear Mr. Botherim consider me as nobody, because I was not book-read, I thought I would take care to prevent my daughter's meeting with such disrespect from her husband; and so I encouraged her in doing nothing but reading from morning till night. Proud was I when they told me she was a philosopher; for few women, you know, are philosophers; and so I thought she must surely be wiser than all her sex, and that all the men of sense would be so fond of her! And

to

to be sure she was fit to talk with e'er a judge or an archbishop in the kingdom; and often have I thought, that if some of them great wise men had but heard her—'

"If your daughter have gained the affections of such a man as Henry Sydney," said Dr. Orwell, interrupting her, "you have nothing to regret. In a son-in-law so superior in talents, so unexceptionable in character, any reasonable parent may rejoice."

"I don't say any thing to disparage the young gentleman," returned Mrs. Botherim; "no, not I. And though I cannot say that I should much have liked her marrying a dissenter, (seeing that the late dear Mr. Botherim hated the very name o'em) yet I might have been brought to give my consent to their lawful marriage, had he courted her for that purpose; but to think of his 'ticing her to leave her mother's house, without being married at all! I wonder how you can have the conscience to take his part; it is not like a man of your
cloth,

cloth, Doctor; and what I should never have believed of you.

The Doctor explained, and justified his opinion of young Sydney by many striking instances of noble and virtuous conduct, altogether incompatible with the crime alledged against him, and of which, for these reasons, he persisted in believing him incapable.

‘Ah!’ cried Mrs. Botherim, shaking her head, ‘you don’t know what them there presbyterians are capable of. The late dear Mr. Botherim used to say as how they were all as cunning and deceitful as Satan himself; and not one of them would be so much as speak to; no, nor give a farthing to one of their beggars, though in ever so much need of it, because it was encouraging a schism in the church; but the honour of the church was indeed ever next his heart. Poor dear gentleman! hard would it have been upon him, had he but known that he was to fall from his horse

cloth

at

at a dissenter's door, and breathe his last in a dissenter's house!"

"And can there, my dear madam, be any stronger argument against the entertainment of such unchristian prejudices, than that which you have now adduced. The behaviour of Mr. Sydney, upon the unhappy occasion you have mentioned, evinced him to be a true disciple of the meek and forgiving JESUS; and from such let not the vile partition of sect or party separate our hearts. The truly religious, the truly good, are children of one family, by whatever names they may be distinguished. They ought, therefore, to love as brethren, to be united in affection; and, instead of harbouring the spirit of animosity, to *bind fast the bond of peace*. But where is Miss Botherim? I should like to have a little conversation with her, and perhaps may be able from it to procure you satisfaction."

"It was just for that that I came," replied Mrs. Botherim. "I wish you to
come

come and speak to her, and try if you can make her listen to reason; for she minds me no more than nothing at all. I may speak, and speak my heart out, all to no purpose; she dumb-founds me in such a way, by talking out of them there wise books, that I know not how to answer her. But you can speak in print like herself. Do, then, good Doctor, come with me, and try to persuade her past this vile notion of going to see them there Hottentots; and if she will have Dr. Sydney, let her be but honestly married, and I won't contradict her. Indeed, I never contradicted her in my life: she knows I did not, and it a'nt time to begin now.'

Dr. Orwell very readily agreed immediately to try the force of his arguments upon Bridgetina, and set out with Mrs. Botherin for her house, entertaining no doubt of his success.

CHAP. X.

" Allaying by his dev'lish arts to reach
 " The organs of her fancy—Thence raise
 " At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
 " Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 " Blown up with high conceits, ingend'ring pride."

MILTON.

GREATLY to Mrs. Botherim's delight, and not a little to the satisfaction of Dr. Orwell, did they learn, from the servant who opened Mrs. Botherim's door, that Miss, fearful of being too late upon the road, had set out on her return to Miss Delmond. The Doctor had an easy task in convincing the fond mother, that her fears for the misconduct of her daughter were founded in mistake; and having soothed and quieted her mind, by his mild and ever-instructive conversation, he returned to his own house.

Bridgetina

Bridgetina, mean time, inflamed by the opposition she had met with from her mother, and alarmed by a hint, that had dropt from her in the heat of argument, of detaining her by force, if reason could not prevail upon her to give up her extraordinary plan, resolved not to lose a moment's time in carrying it into effect. Instead of returning to Julia, she went directly to the house of Mr. Glib, from which she could take the stage-coach the following morning; and having declared her intention to the philosophers, whom she found assembled in the back parlour, intreated their secrecy and assistance.

Her resolution was applauded by Mr. Glib in terms of high encomium. 'What! hast left old Poke-about for good and all?' cried he, rubbing his hands with an air of infinite satisfaction. 'Now that is something excellent, indeed. Live with no one one does not like. Love no one but for what is in them. That's it! that's the way
to

to perfectibility! What is it but loving one's own child, or one's own mother, or one's own wife, better than other people's, that obstructs the progress of morals? Leave them all. Let them all shift for themselves. Make them exert their energies. That's it! Bring on the age of reason in a twinkling. Warrant though, the old lady take on at a great rate. Poor soul! knows nothing of philosophy. What is she then good for?"

"Mrs. Botherim, indeed," said Mr. Myope, "has a mind of such limited powers, that she cannot be expected to do much towards general utility; and she has certainly no right to deprive the world of the vast advantages of Miss Botherim's conversation and example; which, nevertheless, must have been in a great measure lost to society, if she had continued to live immured in her house. When such talents as hers are exerted in a wider field, and have the advantage of a happier soil
and

and purer air, who can say how far they may extend, or what distant regions may not be meliorated by their fruits? To the event of Miss Botherim's leaving her mamma, may the future Mandarins of China be indebted for their knowledge; and Tartars and Otaheitans, yet unborn, may from it experience, through channels that will never be discovered, an incitement to their virtue."

Bridgetina had too much philanthropy in her nature, not to rejoice in the prospect of being so extensively useful; and pleased with the approbation of minds so congenial, she regarded herself with even more than usual complacency. Having procured a messenger from Mr. Glib's, she dispatched a short note to Julia, informing her "that the urgency of her affairs permitted her not to return to her again, but that she should hear from her as soon as she reached London; and in the mean time begged to have her things from
the

the farm; which, as her mother had sent her three times more than there was the least occasion for, would serve her for some time after she went to town. Hoping that Julia would soon follow her example, she concluded with wishes for her happiness."

The situation of Julia, at the time this note arrived, was by no means an enviable one. The reader will recollect, that we left Mrs. Delmond on the road to the farm, where she soon after arrived. Her voice was heard by Julia, enquiring for her of the farmer, who was clipping the straggling plumage of a yew-tree peacock that grew before her window.

"Hush!" said Julia, (withdrawing her hand from Mr. Vallaton, and gently tapping his shoulder, while her eyes were lighted up with an arch and charming smile) "Here comes my mother, to whom you, I suppose, are quite a stranger."

"Had I not better make my escape?" cried Vallaton.

VOL. II.

s

"Certainly,"

"Certainly," returned Julia, still smiling ironically; "she must be *vastly* surprised at seeing you here. But as you must now inevitably meet her, you may as well sit still."

"I wish," cried Vallaton, greatly disordered, "I wish I could get off."

"Now, indeed," said Julia, "this is carrying the jest too far."

Here Mrs. Delmond entered, and Julia, with a look of infinite satisfaction, rose to receive her.

"I can now," said she, holding out her hands, "I can now, you see, receive my dear mamma with proper respect. I cannot yet, indeed, make a handsome curtesy, but Mr. Vallaton here shall make a bow for me; for which I shall bye and bye make him two curtesies in return. What say you to the bargain?"

Vallaton, who, on the entrance of Mrs. Delmond, had made a hasty retreat from the side of Julia to a chair at the further end of the room, made a stiff and formal bow. Mrs. Delmond, with an air still more stiff and

and embarrassed, coldly returned his salute. —So seldom were the impressions made upon the mind of this sweet lady strong enough to form an index of her countenance, that Julia was thunderstruck on observing displeasure and surprise to be now written upon it in the most legible characters. She took the seat which Vallaton had lately occupied, and remained for a few moments silent. Mortified and perplexed by a behaviour which to her was wholly unaccountable, Julia hesitated on what subject to address her; but longer silence being utterly insupportable, she at length asked, whether she had met Miss Botherim?

‘Yes;’ returned Mrs. Delmond. Another pause ensued.

“I hope she will come back to tea;” said Julia. “Did she not tell us that she would?” looking to Vallaton.

‘I believe so,’ said Vallaton; ‘yes, she certainly promised, now that I remember.

I think that I had better go and meet her. Perhaps, as she is so bad a walker, she may be glad of my assistance.'

Julia bowed her assent; and Vallaton, seemingly rejoicing in the excuse, quickly hurried away.

"Good heavens! my dear mother," cried Julia, as soon as he was out of the room, "how strange you looked upon Mr. Vallaton! What is the matter with you? You seem as if you had never seen him before."

'I never did see him,' returned Mrs. Delmond, 'and very little expected to find him here. He is a sort of person with whom, I am sure, your father would be highly displeased with you for cultivating any acquaintance.'

"My father," repeated Julia, raising up her hands, "displeased with Mr. Vallaton! What does this mean? What has happened, my dear mother, since you were last here, to occasion this change?"

'Since

‘ Since I was last here, child! I really do not understand you.’

“ Ah! do not, my dear, dearest mother! for heaven’s sake, do not perplex me. Did you not tell me that my father approved of Mr. Vallaton? that he had promised General Villers to—to give his consent to——Oh! my mother, why do you look so astonished?”

‘ Why? because I *am* astonished. What had General Villers to do with this man? Or how should your father come to talk of such a person to the General? You seem to me to be quite in a dream. Really, child, I wish you would recollect yourself.’

The heart of Julia sunk within her at this speech. The vermillion tint which had so lately flushed her lovely cheek, making her brilliant eyes still more brilliant, gave place to the pale livery of despair. She could scarcely retain command enough of her voice faintly to say, as she grasped her mother’s hand, “ Have I indeed been
in

in a dream? Did I not hear of General Villers's visit to my father, and of his introducing—"

"Major Minden as your lover," said Mrs. Delmond.

"Major Minden!" faintly repeated Julia, her eyes fixed in a ghastly stare. "Then—then, indeed, am I wretched for ever!"

"Indeed, Julia, you are very strange," said Mrs. Delmond. "You seemed mightily pleased with his proposal when I first told you of it: you were then all smiles and acquiescence. What now I wonder has made such an alteration in your sentiments? If this Mr. Vallaton were not a married man, I declare I should think that he had got hold of your heart."

"Is Mr. Vallaton a married man?" said Julia, without being at all conscious of what she said.

"Yes, to be sure," returned her mother; "don't you know that he has a wife and five children?"

"I had

“I had forgot that,” said Julia, with a vacant smile.

“Why, child, what is the matter with you? You appear quite stupified—bless me, how pale you are! are you sick?”

“Yes; very, very sick!” uttered Julia, sinking upon the arm of the sofa, and immediately fainting away.

Her mother, who happily was not subject to violent alarms, quietly went to the kitchen to desire some water. “Julia is in a fainting fit,” said she to the maid, in the same voice she would have said, Julia has put on her gloves, or Julia wants her slippers; and then, with equal composure, added, “you had better come to see if you can help her.” The girl stood in no need of the injunction; for no sooner did she hear of her young mistress’s having fainted, than forgetful of the respect due to her superior, she sprung past Mrs. Delmond, and was in a moment on her knees by the side of Julia, sprinkling water in her

her face, and trying all the usual methods of recovery.

Julia at length recovered, but it was to more cruel sufferings than her sickness had occasioned. She at one glance perceived the dreadful consequences of the fatal mistake into which the equivocal expressions of her mother, aided by her own sanguine imagination, had so unfortunately plunged her. Her virgin heart, her plighted vows were given to Vallaton; while her father's promise was passed to the General in favour of a man whom she scarcely recollected to have seen, but whom she was thoroughly convinced it was utterly impossible she should ever love. Thus was she on the eve of one of those cruel persecutions with which so many heroines have been tormented. Often, indeed, had she wondered at having escaped so very common a calamity for such a length of time; and often in imagination had she approved of the spirit with which she was resolved to
act

act upon such an occasion. Already did she behold Major Minden, with the determined and selfish obstinacy of the hateful Solmes, persisting in seizing her reluctant hand; while her father, with all the cruelty of all the Harlowes, attempted to force her to the hateful union. But never, (she resolved) never would she disgrace the principles she had adopted, by a base submission to the will of an arbitrary tyrant. Her fate was cruel, but it was not unexampled. From all that she had read, she had rather cause to esteem herself peculiarly fortunate in being so long exempted from the common misfortune of her sex. Few novels furnished an example of any young woman who had been permitted to attain her nineteenth year, without having been distressed by the addresses of a numberless train of admirers, all equally odious and disagreeable as this Major Minden. Where was the female, possessed of any tolerable share of beauty, who had not
been

been persecuted by a cruel hard-hearted father, in favour of some one of the detested wretches by whom she was beset? Why, then, should she complain? Her sufferings were only such as, in the present depraved state of society, were the inevitable lot of her unhappy sex!

Such were the reflections of Julia, on recovering her recollection. But before she had sufficient time to consider the plan of conduct it would be proper to adopt on this momentous crisis of her fate, she was roused from her reverie by Mrs. Delmond, who peremptorily desired to know, what had occasioned the violence of her emotions? The tone in which the question was put, though it had in reality acquired its emphasis from astonishment and curiosity, appeared to Julia a sufficient indication of the determined exertion of despotic authority; she therefore took care to arm herself against the weapons of tyranny and injustice by an evasive answer.

‘The

‘The weakness of your spirits!’ rejoined Mrs. Delmond, repeating the concluding words of her daughter. ‘It is strange that your spirits should be so much weaker, now that your health is almost quite established; and still stranger, that Major Minden should appear so much more disagreeable to you now than at the time I first mentioned him.’

“Major Minden! ah, dearest Madam, have mercy on me, I beseech you, and repeat not his odious name. It is worse than death to me to hear it. No sound was ever half so hateful to my ears! It thrills my inmost soul with horror! Oh wretched, miserable, and unhappy girl that I am! Why was I doomed to survive the late accident? why was I reserved for this much more unhappy fate? Never, surely, was any one so truly unfortunate! Never was the misery of mortal equal to mine!”

‘Julia! why Julia, have you lost your senses? I know not for my life what to think,

think, what to make of all this nonsense. I wonder what your father would say, if he were to hear you! But I would advise you to beware of talking in this ridiculous strain to him.'

"And can my father be so determined against me? Can he be so cruel, so hard-hearted to his Julia, as to force her to a hated union with the man she most detests? Will he not be moved by my prayers? Will he not be touched with pity by my distress? Will he behold the misery of his poor unfortunate Julia, without one feeling of compassion? Oh yes, yes; his heart is steeled by the cruel prejudices of society, and I am doomed to add one to the numerous victims of a depraved and unnatural state of civilization!"

'Really, Julia, while you speak such nonsense, you do not deserve an answer. Let me tell you, Miss, your father is too good to you by half, and has compleatly spoiled you by his indulgence.'

"And

“ And is my mamma too become the advocate of this detested man? Does she too join in the cruel persecution of her poor unhappy Julia? Oh, my dear mamma, on my knees, if I could, on my knees would I conjure you to spare me—to save me from this cruel, cruel fate.”

‘ Surely,’ cried Mrs. Delmond, rising, ‘ nothing was ever so provokingly absurd as this ridiculous behaviour. I cannot stay to listen to such jargon, which, I suppose, you have learned from Miss Botherim, who has made herself the town-talk with her nonsense.’

“ Oh Madam, dear Madam! dear, dear Mamma! do not leave me in displeasure.”

‘ Why should I stay, if you are resolved not listen to any thing I say? I had, indeed, many things to communicate to you, not only concerning Major Minden, but about young Mr. Churchill, from whom we have had a visit. He made a polite offer of his carriage to fetch you home,
which

which your father has accepted. Indeed, if we had known where to procure one, we should have contrived to have had you carried home a week ago, notwithstanding the opinion of Mr. Gubbles; but as the General's family had gone to Brighton races, and are not to return till the end of the week, we knew not where to apply. Mr. Churchill, however, has saved us from all further trouble on this head; and has so pleased your father by his behaviour, that if you really give him the preference to the Major, I do not believe your choice will meet with any opposition. The—'

"Dear Madam, let me——"

"Nay, do not interrupt me; I will hear no more of your nonsense. The chariot will be here to-morrow afternoon about five o'clock, which your father thinks the best time for your removal. He is so much taken up by the thoughts of seeing you, that I do not believe he will get a wink of sleep to-night. Indeed, Julia, you can
never

never shew enough of gratitude to so good a father, who loves you as his very soul. I shall not say a word to him of your behaviour this evening, as it would only serve to vex him; and I hope to find you in a better frame to-morrow."

Julia again attempted to speak, but Mrs. Delmond, with more firmness than it was usual for her to exert, prevented her reply; and after giving some directions to the servants, departed, not a little dissatisfied with the conduct of her daughter.

Soon as her mother was out of hearing, Julia burst forth into a pathetic exclamation on the hardship of her destiny. Her calamity had now assumed an hydra form; in the shape of Churchill, another persecutor appeared! And though two were a trifling number, to be sure, compared with the *hosts* which disturbed the repose of the Lady Seraphinas and Angelinas, over whose distresses she had shed so many tears, her imagination could even from these have
extracted

extracted enough of food for terror and alarm, had no such person as Vallaton been in existence. At present, however, it must be confessed, that in the encouragement she had given to that gentleman's addresses; in the interest he had obtained in her affections; and in the utter destruction of the hopes she had been led to entertain of her father's approbation of his suit; she was not without real cause of uneasiness and disquiet.

She bitterly reproached herself, for having been duped by her own ardent imagination into a mistake, which she now perceived she might have seen through on a moment's reflection. But still more bitterly did she bewail those false prejudices which influenced her father's mind; prejudices, which engendered the wish of seeing her united to a man of established character and independent fortune; and which erroneously concluded, that the want of either of these in the object of her choice would be an obstacle to her felicity.

“ Unhappy

“ Unhappy state of civilization !” cried she; “ deplorable constitutions of society! I am doomed to add to the number of your wretched victims! While things continue in the present miserable situation, fathers will be often led into the fatal error of thinking themselves in some instances wiser than their children! Oh, that I had not been born, till truth had enlightened the world!”

In this manner did Julia continue to deplore herself, till the entrance of Mr. Vallaton; who, having watched the departure of Mrs. Delmond, was no sooner assured of her being out of sight of the house, than he eagerly returned to renew the interesting conversation which her appearance had so unseasonably interrupted.

‘ In tears, my Julia!’ exclaimed her astonished lover: ‘ What has occasioned your uneasiness? From whence proceed these looks of soft dejection?’

“Ah! Mr. Vallaton, you see before you the most unfortunate of human beings! My cruel father——”

“What of him? Has he forbidden you to see me? Has he been so——”

“Alas! he knows not of your visits; but he has formed the dreadful resolution of uniting me to a man my soul detests!”

“And will you tamely submit to this outrage upon the first principles of justice? Will you, from an immoral and slavish deference to the man who calls himself your father, sacrifice the first rights of humanity—the right of following your own inclination? What magic is there in the name of father, that can sanctify so base a direction of duty?”

“No, my best, my only friend,” cried Julia; “be assured I would sooner die than break the promise I have made to you. My father shall never prevail upon me to do that; but I dread the thoughts of what I have to encounter in braving his displeasure.”

“As

‘As to your promise,’ returned Vallaton, ‘you know, that by the principles of our true philosophy, all regard to promises is utterly discarded. In the eye of a philosopher no promise is, or ought to be, binding. All scrupulosity about fulfilling the engagements into which we have entered, is childish and absurd. It is not, therefore, because you have *promised* to be mine, that you ought to become so;* but because by an union with me you can best promote the grand end of life—general utility.’

“Dear, generous Vallaton, how noble are thy sentiments! How charmingly disinterested—how purely virtuous!”

‘They are simply the deductions of truth. If the person that is chosen for you by your father, should, upon investigation of his principles, be found more enlightened; if he should be possessed of superior powers; if he should be more capable of

~~and more to be trusted than the person now chosen~~

* See Pol. Inf.

energizing; if, as a percipient being, he should be endowed with a keener sensibility of your superior merit; should be able to make a higher estimate of the extraordinary powers of your mind; then it becomes my duty to yield to him, who shall in this case be proved a being of greater moral worth.'

"Ah! Vallaton, where shall the man be found possessed of such an exalted way of thinking as yourself? How mean, compared to yours, would be the selfish sentiments of either of the gentlemen, (for there are two pretenders to my favour) whose addresses are encouraged by my father! But as to them my mind is perfectly made up."

"Why, then, this cruel agitation of your spirits? Why this dismay and apprehension?"

"And would you have me, without dismay, behold the approach of our separation! I go home to-morrow; and long,
very

very long may it be, before we can have an opportunity of seeing each other again."

"And why go home to-morrow, my adored Julia? Why obey the arbitrary mandate of a tyrant father? Why return to the base controul of unjust and usurped authority? Let me at least conjure you to examine the consequences of your return, that so your conduct may be governed by proper motives."

"Alas! what can I do? what apology can I offer for delay? He knows I am now able to bear a much longer journey."

The eyes of Vallaton sparkled with ecstasy as, seizing her hand, he eagerly exclaimed, 'Then take that longer journey, my beloved Julia; take it under the protection of a man who prefers you to all your sex; because of your *real, intrinsic, and imperishable* excellence; who loves you as virtue personified; and whose love must, of necessity, be lasting as the adamantine foundation on which it stands.'

"Good

“Good heavens! Mr. Vallaton, what is it you propose? Elope with you! no more to see my father! Ah, no; it would too surely break his heart. I cannot think of taking so very unjustifiable a step.”

“Unjustifiable!” repeated Vallaton; and upon what principles unjustifiable? If, indeed, you can prove your father to be a being of more moral worth, (and that therefore his happiness ought to be promoted in preference to mine) I have nothing further to urge.”

“Alas!” returned Julia, sighing, “how incapable am I of estimating the moral worth of two individuals so opposite in their sentiments, and of characters so totally different. May not both, in their way, be equally estimable?”

“Impossible!” retorted the philosopher; “utterly impossible. To one of us you must give an immediate and decided preference. Let us be judged by the correct and infallible criterion of philosophy. Consider—

der which of us is most likely to benefit the species by the exertion of powers, and energies, and talents; which of us has the most distinct perception of the nature of happiness, and the clearest views of the progress of mind?—For this alone is virtue.

“Alas!” said Julia, “my poor father knows nothing of the new philosophy; but notwithstanding his unhappy prejudices, he is one of the worthiest of men.”

“How can one, of my lovely Julia’s very superior understanding admit of such contradictions? You confess his ignorance, (for one who knows not the new philosophy must, of course, be ignorant) you own him the victim of narrow and illiberal prejudice, and yet you speak of his worth! What is the worth of any being, but as it tends to general utility? In what respect can such a person as your father benefit society? And what is the force of that claim which he pretends to have upon you?”

“Has

“Has he then no claims upon his daughter?”

‘How can the well-informed, the philosophically-instructed Julia put such a question? Does she not know that the progress of mind—the virtue, the happiness, the perfection of the human race, depends upon abrogating these unnatural and fastidious distinctions, which aristocratical pride and selfishness have interwoven in the constitutions of society? Has it not been to demonstration proved, that the prejudices of *filial duty*, and *family affection*, *gratitude to benefactors*, and *regard to promises*, are the great barriers to the state of perfect virtue? These obstacles to perfection it is the glory of philosophy to demolish, and the duty of every person, impressed with a sense of perfectibility, to remove. In the present instance, you, my Julia, are called to the energetic conflict by another motive, which involves a duty of a very serious nature. It is in your power to promote the happiness

ness of an individual, whose talents and virtues may be either called forth "to energise, according to the flower and summit of their nature;" or, blasted by the ravages of passion, and withered by the canker of disappointment, may become lost to the grand purpose of general utility. Oh, Julia, let me beseech you to consider——

Here the note from Bridgetina was put into the hands of Julia by her maid, and amply repaid Mr. Vallaton for the temporary interruption it had occasioned, by the opportunity it afforded him of reinforcing his arguments from the authority of so illustrious an example.

When Miss Botherim had first intimated her intentions of following Henry to London, the scheme appeared to Julia to be fraught with romantic absurdity, improper, disgraceful, and ridiculous. But now that it was displayed in its proper colours by the eloquence of Vallaton, she perceived in it the grand effort of a noble mind, that
 rose

rose superior to the vulgar prejudices of an ill-constituted society.

We shall not fatigue our readers by the particulars of the conversation that ensued. Suffice it to say, that the opposition of Julia to the proposal of her eloquent admirer became fainter and fainter; till, convinced by his arguments, or overcome by his persuasion, she finally consented to set an example of moral rectitude, by throwing off the ignoble chains of filial duty, and to contribute her share to the general weal, by promoting the happiness of one of the most zealous of its advocates.

CHAP. XI.

“ Becoming my critical foe,

“ Has declar’d that my stile is exceedingly low;

“ That facts are mistated, assertions untrue;

“ That I give her not half of the praise which is due.

“ But if the said speeches seem not very good,

“ I will swear I detail’d them as well as I cou’d.”

SIMKIN’S LETTERS.

THE peaceful village of W—— was still hushed in the silence of repose, when just as the steeple-clock repeated the hour of four, Citizen Glib gave notice to Bridgetina of the arrival of the stage-coach. She immediately hastened with him to the inn at which it changed horses, and fortunately found a vacant seat in the heavy-laden vehicle, into which she was helped by the worthy citizen; who, while he pushed her in, gave her his usual advice

vice to exert her energies, to which he was adding some other wise instructions, when the coachman smacked his whip, and drove off.

Little was spoken by any of the party during the ensuing stage, but from what passed at breakfast, our heroine discovered so much of her companions, as to learn that two of them were gentlemen of the law, returning from the assizes, and that the third was a farmer or grazier from her own neighbourhood. They all treated her with great civility, but spoke chiefly to each other concerning affairs to which she was a total stranger, so that a considerable time elapsed before she found an opportunity of joining in the conversation. At length, however, she burst upon their astonished senses in an harangue, by which if they were not greatly edified, the fault must have lain in their own stupidity, or rather, perhaps, in those prejudices which rendered them invulnerable to the weapons
of

of truth. In vain did she labour to convince the two lawyers of the inutility of the law, and of the immorality of every species of coercion. In vain did she conjure up all the flowers of rhetoric, to persuade them to give up a profession which she described to be one uniform mass of error and absurdity.

The two lawyers were not a little astonished to hear such a stream of eloquence flow from so unexpected a source. They for some time thought it inexhaustible, but on putting some pertinent queries to the fair orator, they discovered that her eloquence, like the little coach and horses to be seen in the shew-box at the fair, ran always the same round. In vain did they endeavour to make it trace a wider circle; it could neither stop, nor turn, nor go strait forwards, nor move in any other direction than that in which it had at first attracted their curiosity. After exciting it to take two or three rounds over the same ground,

ground, they were perfectly satisfied as to the extent of its powers; and in order to give it leisure to run quietly down, they composed themselves to sleep. The honest farmer had resigned himself to Morpheus in the beginning of the debate, so that Bridgetina was left to enjoy the pleasure of her own meditations for the greater part of the journey.

Of all the accumulated evils with which the present unnatural state of civilization is so fully fraught, none is more severely felt by the modern biographer than that facility of communication established throughout all parts of the kingdom; whereby the possibility of adventures upon the road is almost entirely cut off. In former times, an heroine could not travel twenty miles, without encountering so many strange incidents, that the reader no sooner had notice of her having mounted her horse, than his imagination was upon the spur for some great event. Every inn was a scene of
action;

action; and every stage so fruitful of adventures, that the judicious writer had some difficulty in compressing them within the limits of his volume. But now that maids and matrons of every rank and station, from the dame of quality who dashes in her chariot and fix, to the simple adventress, who from the top of the heavy coach looks down upon her Grace, all may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other, without let, hindrance, or molestation, an author might as reasonably expect to pick up a purse of gold upon the road as an event worth narrating. If I do not this minute take care, Bridgetina will be at the end of her journey before I finish my digression. Allons, then, my good reader, let us hasten to the inn-door, to be ready to receive her. We are just in time; for here, at the Golden-Cross, you may behold her just alighted.

Impatient as our heroine may be supposed to be to fulfil the great purport of
her

journey, she found herself so oppressed by fatigue, (this being the first time of her having travelled ten miles from her native village) and so utterly incapable of further exertion, that she resolved to recruit herself by a night's repose. She was, at her own desire, conducted to a bed-chamber, but did not find it so easy a matter to get the bed prepared for her reception. The chambermaid prudently resolving, that if she did not choose to eat supper, it should not be for want of time, left her for a full hour to enjoy the benefit of her own reflections. In vain did she ring her bell; in vain did she poke her head out into the passage, at the sound of every footstep, and repeat to every waiter an account of her distress. No one seemed to trouble themselves about her; and she saw no alternative, but either to pass the night in her chair, or to throw herself on the bed as it was. She preferred the latter; but just as she was laying down, the chambermaid appeared.

“ You

“You ought to have known, young woman,” said Bridgetina, “that man has not as yet arrived at that degree of perfection that can render him insensible to the languor of fatigue. I do not say that you ought to have returned to make my bed, because you promised, but because what you promised you ought to have performed, whether you had promised it or not.”

‘I came as soon as I could get away;’ replied the girl pertly. ‘There is no being in twenty places at a time.’

“What you say is indeed just, in the present state of society;” returned Bridgetina. “No one has as yet been capable of energizing in such an extraordinary degree. But who can say what future improvements may not yet take place? Who can set bounds to the attainments of a perfectible being? Or who, that knowing mind to be as all, and matter to be as nothing, will dare pronounce what is, or what is not, possible to its exertions?”

The girl stared, and on surveying our heroine more minutely, wondered that she had not sooner discovered the proofs that were now so evident of her insanity. Perceiving, however, no symptoms of outrageous phrenzy, she went on with her work, but determined to acquaint her mistress with the discovery she had made.

Bridgetina, perceiving that she had attracted the servant's attention, fatigued as she was, would not lose the favourable opportunity of impressing the mind of a percipient being with the important truths of philosophy. "I see," said she, raising her voice, "I see, by the attention you have given to my discourse, that you are not destitute of moral sensibility. Perhaps, notwithstanding your lowly station, you may, in this house of public reception, have been favoured with an opportunity of listening to the discourses of enlightened men? Perhaps some philosopher, by addressing the common sympathies of our nature, has awakened

awakened the dormant powers of your mind. Perhaps the germ of intellect has been aroused. If so, by adding the improvement of to-day with the progress of the day before, you may (though a servant) be no longer destitute of the best characteristics of a rational being."

"You had better get into bed, Ma'am," said the girl; "you will be much the better for a night's sleep."

"Till the progress of mind is further advanced, sleep is, as you say, a necessary restorative to the bodily organs. But if, as I suppose, you have had an opportunity of listening to the deductions of truth, you cannot be ignorant, that the time approaches when sleep shall be no longer necessary. Oh, that to that chain of events, which has been generating from all eternity, some link had been added that would have brought me into the world at a more advanced period! Oh, that I had lived at an æra when one's bones could have borne

the jolting of a stage-coach for a hundred miles without being sensible of fatigue! But in the present distempered state of civilization it is impossible to energize so effectually. We are only, as you know, my good girl, perfectible, but not perfect beings. And notwithstanding the illustrious examples, recorded in the annals of some celebrated modern romances, of heroines who have energized in so extraordinary a manner, as after having travelled for hundreds of miles on the hard backs of mules or horses, without either stop or refreshment, to have alighted so little wearied with their journey as to have no occasion for the vulgar restorative of sleep, we may depend upon it such instances are yet but rare."

Bridgetina had no sooner stepped into bed, than the chambermaid hurried to her mistress with the very unwelcome intelligence, that a person of deranged intellects had got possession of one of her apartments.

"Who is she? From whence did she come?" asked the mistress.

"I do

‘I do not know who she is,’ replied the girl; ‘but from the manner in which she preached, I should suppose her to be a Methodist.’

“Oh, if she be a Methodist, she will be taken care off;” said the mistress, much relieved by this part of the girl’s information. “If she does not get so well as to leave us in the morning, I shall inform some of the congregation, and I know that at least they will not let her want.”

In the morning, as soon as Bridgetina’s bell gave notice of her being awake, the landlady herself attended her; not, however, without the precaution of placing the chambermaid at the door of the apartment, to be ready in case she should find it necessary to call further assistance. The hostess found the young lady up and dressed; and though the extraordinary manner in which her clothes were put on confirmed, in her opinion, the account of the chambermaid, she did not now speak

in

in such a manner as to ratify the suspicion. After answering the civil enquiries of her hostess, she said "she should be glad to have breakfast immediately, as she was impatient to fly to her friends; some of whom she expected would be overwhelmed with rapture at her arrival."

"I know some of your friends very well," returned the landlady, "and must needs declare, that let people say of them what they will, I, for my share, have always found them to be very worthy people."

"Yes," said Bridgetina, "they are, to be sure, the destined long-looked-for saviours of the human race; the expungers of ignorance and error; the eradicators of prejudice; the——"

"Pray, Ma'am, is Mr. Timothy Tottenham of your acquaintance? He, I am told, is a very powerful preacher."

"I know no preachers;" retorted Bridgetina, with an air of superlative contempt.

Poor lady! (thought the landlady) she is deranged, sure enough. 'You have, you

say, Ma'am, some friends in London, whom you now propose to visit; and if I may presume to advise, I think the sooner you put yourself under their care the better."

"I shall, you may depend upon it," replied Bridgetina, "lose no time in accomplishing the great end of my journey. Pray do you know Mrs. Fielding of Hanover-square? It is through her I must obtain the direction to him who is the object of my journey; with whose mind my soul yearns to mingle its sentiments of congenial purity." One of the fathers of the congregation, no doubt, thought the landlady. He has evidently touched this poor lady's conscience, by some very awakening discourse; then curtesying to Bridgetina, she took her leave, kindly wishing that the friend she was in search of might speak comfort to her wounded spirit.

Before we accompany Bridgetina to the house of Mrs. Fielding, it is necessary to give the reader a previous introduction to
her

her acquaintance. A variety of methods presents itself for this purpose. We might either, according to the plan we have hitherto pursued, select from the authorities before us the necessary materials, and then give them to the reader of our own good pleasure, without deigning to account for the manner in which the said materials came into our possession; or we might place him in some convenient situation to hear the good lady recount her own history to some female confidante, who, though perhaps for years an inmate of her family, must yet be profoundly ignorant, not only of the incidents of her life, but of her temper and dispositions, the names of her connections, and the rank and situation she has always held in society. As this method has the greatest number of precedents in its favour, we should not hesitate to adopt it, did not another present itself, which, while it indulges the indolence of the writer, will be
equally

equally conducive to our purpose of instruction. This is no other than transcribing, for our reader's perusal, a letter written some time previous to the period to which we have brought our history, from Mr. Sydney to his son. For which letter we shall refer the reader to the following chapter.

CHAP. XII.

"I venerate the man whose heart is warm,"

"Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,

"Coincident, exhibit lucid proof

"That he is honest in the sacred cause.

"To such I render more than mere respect,

"Whose actions say that they respect themselves."

COWPER.

*Letter from the Reverend Mr. Sydney
to his Son.*

"I Can neither be offended nor surprised,
my dear Henry, at your expressing a
desire to be acquainted with the origin of
that friendship which has so long subsisted
betwixt me and your benefactress. You
have a natural claim upon my confidence,
and the terms upon which, from your
boyish days, we have lived together, may
prove to you how fully I acknowledge it.

"If

“ If I have hitherto been more reserved upon this subject than upon any other, it has only been because where the feelings of another were concerned, I did not find myself at equal liberty to be explicit. I detest the affectation of mystery, and think the necessity for secrecy is seldom any other than imaginary. But where silence is no infringement on the duty of sincerity, where it does not interfere with the law of truth, it is a debt due to delicacy, the payment of which is guaranteed by sensibility and honour.

“ Without the consent of Mrs. Fielding, therefore, I should have declined a compliance with your request; but it is at her own desire, that I now proceed to give you a sketch of her little history.

“ You know the degree of our relationship, which is just near enough to authorise a poor cousin to claim kindred with a rich one, and sufficiently distant to afford the latter an excuse for forgetting the connection.

nection. Her father was a clergyman of the church of England, and possessed a very good living, but which was inconsiderable when compared to his expectations. These looked to the first preferments in the church, to which he was so certain of succeeding, that he thought it proper to postpone the thoughts of making any provision for his family till they were actually in his possession. The deanery of —, worth fourteen hundred a year, was only withheld from him by the life of an infirm old man, who had long been wasted to a shadow by the severe attacks of a chronic asthma. Nothing could be more precarious than such a tenure of existence, except those air-built speculations upon futurity, whose rapid extinction so often mocks the hopes of man. Two years before the death of this confirmed valetudinary, a fever of a few days carried off his appointed successor, by whose death his only daughter, then in her nineteenth year,

year, was left destitute of all provision, and doomed to undergo the mortifying trials of dependence.

“ A few months previous to the death of Mr. Fielding, I had, in consequence of a recommendation from Professor *****, under whose auspices I had finished my studies at the college of Glasgow, been appointed tutor to the sons of Lord Brierston. I had entered the family with no great predilection in favour of such a situation; but in the politeness of his lordship’s manners, and in the good dispositions of my pupils, I found a counter-balance to the mortifications which petulant affluence is ever ready to bestow on humble poverty. Lady Brierston, his lordship’s second wife, was the widow of an eastern nabob, who had left to her the whole of his immense fortune, which, during the period of her own life, and in case of surviving his lordship, she still reserved in her own disposal. This lady was first-cousin to
 . Mr.

Mr. Fielding, and to her protection, at the death of her father, was Maria Fielding consigned.

“ Never shall the day of her arrival at Brierston be effaced from my memory. Never shall I forget the dignified humility, the modest and graceful propriety with which she answered the unfeeling interrogatories of her haughty kinswoman.

Lady Brierston soon felt, but could not so soon pardon, the superiority of her dependent cousin. From a knowledge of what passed in her own mind, she considered pride as the necessary concomitant of every advantage, natural or acquired; and to mortify this imaginary pride, she concluded to be equally wise and meritorious.

“ In the execution of this plan of mortification, her ladyship had abundance of auxiliaries.

“ It is the peculiar misfortune of those who move in a certain sphere, to have their worst propensities so flattered as to render

it

it almost impossible for them to escape the snare of self-delusion. The possessors of rank and fortune are every one surrounded by a sort of atmosphere of their own, which not only distorts and obstructs the view of external objects, but which renders it difficult for them to penetrate the motives of their own hearts. Such was the situation of Lady Brierston. As her charity and benevolence, in taking the orphan daughter of her cousin under her protection, was the theme of daily praise; she could not doubt that she had exerted a very extraordinary degree of those amiable qualities. And no sooner did she, by a sarcastic sneer at the superior information and extraordinary talents of her cousin, declare the birth of jealousy and envy, than she received such encomiums on her *wisdom* and *prudence* in checking the conceit of a young creature who had been quite spoiled by indulgence, as perfectly satisfied her of the propriety of her conduct.

“ When

“ When her ladyship formed the resolution of wounding the spirit of her too amiable relation, by attacks upon her supposed vanity, she was ignorant of the character with which she had to deal. The mind of Maria Fielding was too great for the abode of vanity. Her ideas of excellence were too grand, too exalted, to permit her to view her own attainments through any other medium than that of unfeigned humility. She perceived the unkindness of her cousin, and grieved at the proofs of it, as they appeared to bear witness against the heart of one she wished to love; but she was not to be mortified by sneers against learned ladies, while conscious she could make no pretensions to the character of *learned*, or hurt by allusions to that state of poverty to which she had never attached the idea of disgrace, and of which, therefore, she knew not how to be ashamed. In short, the real dignity of Miss Fielding’s character rose above every assault; and at
last

last so far conquered even the selfish arrogance of her proud protectress, that she gradually became less assiduous in her efforts to torment her, and finally suffered herself to reap the advantage of those talents which she had so long pretended to despise.

“ Miss Fielding was not long an inhabitant of Brierston, till my heart did homage to her virtues. The similarity of our tastes, sentiments, and dispositions, was of itself sufficient to create a sympathy between us, which was perhaps increased by the similarity of our situations. In short, my son, for I feel it painful to dwell upon the subject, our mutual esteem was soon increased to the ardency of a sincere and mutual passion, which, during the two years that we lived under the same roof, was the source of the sweetest pleasure, the most delicious hope, and the most anxious solicitude.

“ At length the hour of trial arrived. Lord Brierston, who had for some time

entertained suspicions of our attachment, questioned me upon the subject. I had too great an abhorrence of duplicity to deny the justice of his suspicions. He heard my confession in silence, and left me without any expression either of censure or approbation. A week passed without any alteration in the behaviour of his lordship, which was at all times polite, distant, and reserved. At the end of that period he one morning entered my apartment with a look that denoted unusual satisfaction; and desiring his sons to leave the room, told me he was exceedingly pleased at having it in his power effectually to promote my happiness. I need not, to a young man like you, tell how my heart throbbed at this intelligence, or describe with what tumultuous joy it bounded at the idea of being united to the dear object of my affections? For such was the interpretation I gave to the designs of his lordship: nor was I deceived in my conjectures. He

501110

X

...told

told me that from the moment he had perceived the mutual affection that subsisted between me and his amiable cousin, he had conceived a plan for our union, which, though it had at first met with some opposition from his lady, was now honoured with her full approbation. It was fully ripe for execution. I had nothing to do but to take orders, and the living of —, worth more than six hundred a year, waited my acceptance. Nor should the cousin of Lady Brierston be suffered to enter into any family as a beggar. Her ladyship had that morning sealed to her a gift of two thousand pounds, which they should both think very well bestowed upon one whose whole character and conduct was so worthy of their esteem. “You make no reply, Mr. Sydney,” said his lordship, perceiving the contending emotions that struggled in my breast. “Is there any thing disagreeable to you in my proposal?”

“What reply can I make to generosity so noble—to goodness so unmerited? And yet, forgive me, my Lord; forgive me, if, in the tumult your lordship’s unexpected proposal has excited, I am deprived of the power of deciding. Yet why should I hesitate? The moment that makes passion the conqueror of conscience, renders me unworthy of your esteem; unworthy of the affection of her who is dearer to me than every thing but duty.”

‘I really do not understand you;’ returned his Lordship, with apparent pique. ‘Your conscience is of a very extraordinary nature, indeed, if it stand betwixt you and a good living.’

“Are there not, my Lord, certain preliminaries necessary to qualify me for that preferment? Am I not by these to declare my solemn assent to explanations and points of doctrine which either I do not understand, or cannot approve? And should I do so, with one remaining doubt upon my mind,

mind, must I not incur the heavy guilt of perjury?"

“And pray, Mr. Sydney, do you consider yourself as so much wiser and so much better than all the learned and worthy men who every day make the declaration at which you scruple? Are all who enter the church to be considered as perjured?”

“God forbid! Various are the views, which, with equal integrity of intention, may be taken of the same subject. That which I cannot reconcile to myself, another may fully approve. The arguments which carry conviction to my mind, may to his appear nugatory and futile. No honest man will condemn another for differing from him in opinion; but who can approve the hypocrite, who, from views of interest or ambition, makes public profession of opinions which privately he condemns? No; rather let me eat the bread of misery, and drink the tears of affliction, than purchase the enjoyment of every earthly bliss at the expence of sincerity.”

“His

“His Lordship, far from being convinced by my arguments, was not a little displeased at my presumption. In daring to think for myself, he thought I had assumed a right to which I had no proper title. His prejudices, from birth, education, and habit, were strong, but his heart was still benevolent. He wished me to overcome scruples he considered as ridiculous; and did not doubt, that upon reflection I would open my eyes to my true interest. He gave me two days for deliberation, at the end of which I was either to be considered as the future husband of Miss Fielding, or take my leave of Brierston, and all that it contained, for ever.

“You, my-dear Henry, are yet a stranger (oh! may you long be so) to the wild impetuosity of an extravagant and domineering passion. An union with Miss Fielding had long comprised in it every idea of earthly bliss. Honours I could have spurned; fortune I could have despised; but to reject the chosen mistress of my af-

fections was an effort of virtue to which my feeble soul was hardly equal.

“While his Lordship was conversing with me, Lady Brierston, willing to take to herself as much merit in the affair as possible, had communicated to Miss Fielding the whole scope of the generous plan that had been formed for our future happiness. Judge, then, what must have been her feelings in beholding me; when, instead of the ardent lover, transported into extacy at the blissful prospect that had been opened to him, she beheld a trembling wretch, writhing with the torture of contending emotions, and pale from the agony of despair! I saw how keenly the disappointment pierced her gentle soul. I could not bear the sight, but hastily getting up from table as soon as the cloth was removed, buried myself for the rest of the day in my own apartment.

“To leave me at perfect liberty to pursue my deliberations, his Lordship had sent
my

my pupils on a visit to their grandfather, so that I was master of my own time; but far from being able to employ it in investigation and argument, I supinely yielded to the stupor that had stolen upon my senses, and had not yet found courage to determine in what language to address my patron, when I was roused from my painful lethargy by a message from Miss Fielding. She desired to see me in the library, and thither with trembling steps I instantly attended her. She, too, was in agitation; but it was not the agitation of doubt. An air of heroick fortitude mingled with the native meekness and gentleness that characterised her manners. She held out her hand to me when I entered. ‘Noble, excellent Sydney,’ said she; ‘I have ever thought you worthy of my esteem, and now shall I be for ever exalted in my own for having distinguished your merit. But why, my friend, this perturbation? Is it possible that you can hesitate? Can you entertain

entertain a doubt about how you are to proceed? Tell me, I beseech you; to me you may safely intrust the secrets of your soul; you shall find that I am worthy of your confidence.'

"I know not what answer I returned, but it sufficiently betrayed the irresolute state of my mind, and discovered to her how much I stood in need of the support she so generously bestowed.

'Has your reason been convinced?' returned she, with the most unshaken firmness. 'Does God and your conscience bear witness that it has? You cannot say so. Ah! then never, with such tremendous witnesses against you, will I be the partner of your bosom. Sooner would I beg my bread with you through the world, than share with you a throne purchased at a price so dear.'

"It would be injustice to this admirable woman, to pretend to give a minute detail of the arguments she adduced to fix my
wavering

wavering resolution, and to give effect and vigour to my hitherto unshaken principles. Far less can I convey any idea of the dignity and sweetness of her manner, while she endeavoured to soothe the struggling emotions of my troubled soul; and by distant hope to alleviate the pangs of present disappointment. Even at this distance of time I find the subject too much for me. I shall therefore quit it for the present, and renew it in my next letter. Adieu."

Second

Second Letter of Mr. Sydney.

“MY DEAR HENRY,

“**Y**OU express so much impatience for the remainder of Mrs. Fielding’s story, that I can no longer delay to gratify your curiosity.

‘You cannot imagine how I could ever enter into any other connection.’

“At your time of life the surprise is natural, and I freely pardon the reproach that is implied in it. When you arrive at my age, your notions of eternal constancy may, perhaps, be somewhat less sanguine. But though the object of a first affection may be lost, and time may so far reconcile us to the loss, as to supply the vacancy by another love, never will the heart become totally indifferent to the first object of its tenderness.

“It

“It is, I suppose, from a consideration of this fact, that women, who are in general much better casuists in these matters than we are, seem to be universally agreed in treating those whom they suspect of having (at however distant a period) once possessed a share in their husband’s affections, with hatred, jealousy, and aversion. Not so your excellent mother. Greatly superior to the mean jealousy of little minds, she felt a peculiar complacency for every object that had ever been dear to that faithful husband whose affections she knew to be now her own. But to return to the promised conclusion of my narrative.

“Strengthened by the fortitude of my charming friend, I was enabled calmly to review the arguments that had formerly occurred to my mind upon the subject in question. Every objection remained in full force. They might, perhaps, have been removed to me, as they have been to others, by some new light or satisfactory explanation;

nation; but I did not think myself at liberty upon this *peradventure* to stake my integrity and honour.

“ In a letter to his lordship I gave such an explanation of my sentiments as I hoped might have proved satisfactory; but I was mistaken. It must be a mind of no common greatness, that can bear to have its intentions thwarted by those on whom it meant to confer obligation, and not take offence. His lordship felt my refusal as ingratitude, and treated my objections as the wild dreams of fanatacism, or the pretended scruples of hypocrisy.

“ The censures of his Lady were still more severe; her indignation was unbounded. From her lips I received the dreadful assurance, that the least attempt on my part to see or correspond with Miss Fielding would be the means of sending that young lady destitute into the world, and for ever depriving her of the favour of her present protectors. For the con-
tumely

tumely of pride, and the bitterness of reproach, I came prepared to the conference; but this, this was a sentence equally severe and unexpected. I however made no difficulty in engaging my promise never to enter into any clandestine correspondence with Miss Fielding; but the privilege of taking leave of her, either in person or by letter, I would by no means relinquish. Seeing me firm and resolute in my purpose, her Ladyship at length gave her reluctant consent to my writing one letter before I left Brierston, which should be delivered on my departure; but the happiness of seeing her was a blessing which I was destined never more to enjoy.

“ On leaving Brierston, I returned to the university of Glasgow, and in the pursuit of science sought to obtain the restoration of tranquillity. My slender finances might have been augmented from the small fund raised by subscription for the support of the sons of our clergy; but I could not

in

in conscience accept of a bounty which was intended for the assistance of the indigent and the helpless. In my learning and talents I found a more worthy resource.

“ Under the patronage of the Professors, I formed a class for classical reading, which was chiefly attended by young men of fortune, who wished to facilitate the progress of their knowledge and information. Mr. Campbell was one of my pupils, and it was at this time that strong friendship was cemented, which was only dissolved by his death. My attachment to him would have afforded me a sufficient inducement to accept of his proposal of accompanying him to the Continent, without the prospect of any pecuniary advantage; but with a firmness and generosity peculiar to himself, he peremptorily insisted on my acceptance either of a large salary during our tour, or of a life-annuity at its conclusion; an alternative which had been formerly offered by his guardian to another gentleman.

gentleman. The idea of Maria Fielding rushed upon my mind, and I immediately accepted of the latter, in the fond hopes that it might one day be shared by her who was still mistress of my heart.

“Two years and a half had then elapsed from the period of my leaving Brierston, nor had I in all that tedious space heard one word of intelligence concerning its inhabitants. On the morning we arrived at Dover, happening to run my eye over a London newspaper that lay on the table, my attention was arrested by the following paragraph: ‘On Tuesday last was married by special licence, at the house of Lord Brierston, in Piccadilly, Sir William Danvers, bart. to Miss Maria Fielding, cousin to Lady Brierston.’ I shall not attempt describing to you my feelings upon this occasion; they were, perhaps, beyond what the disappointment of any earthly hope ought to have inflicted upon a rational being. Of the truth of the intelligence

gence I could not entertain a doubt. Little did I imagine, that information given to the public in this authentic form could be a forgery! Little did I conjecture, that a wanton ebullition of female malice could have produced the wicked and accursed lie; or that a refutation of it was to be given in the next paper. That paper, however, I did not see; for before it reached Dover, a favourable wind had wafted us to the Gallic shore.

“Deep, very deep, was the wound which this intelligence gave to my heart. But, thanks to the goodness of Providence, the wounds of the heart are not by nature intended to be indelible; nor do they ever resist the healing influence of time, except when the will, acted upon by an over-heated imagination, resists the salutary assistance of reason. Severe as was the conflict, I struggled not in vain to teach my heart submission to irremediable evil. The time spent in our long tour assisted my endeavours,

and an incident which occurred on our way back to England, gave a new turn to my ideas, and presented a new object to my affections.

“On our return from Italy, through the south of France, we happened one day to be detained by accident at a small village, remarkable for the salubrity of its air, and the poverty of its inhabitants. On taking a walk through the village, as I stopped at the door of one of the houses to speak to a poor creature who solicited my charity, I observed a female come out of the house in tears.

“She is dead!” said she to a person who met her in the street; the good lady is dead, and I believe the dear creature will die with grief too; it almost breaks my heart to see her.” The other observed, that “it was no wonder the poor young lady should be afflicted; it was very hard to lose both father and mother in a strange country.”

“I could

“I could no longer forbear enquiring into the circumstances of a case that appeared so interesting, and was informed that the person of whom they spake was a young lady from my own country, who had accompanied her parents to the south of France, which they were induced to visit on account of the declining state of the old gentleman’s health: that he had died six weeks before; and that his widow and daughter were preparing for their return to England, when the former was seized with a fever, which had that morning put a period to her existence.

“I was so much affected by the idea of the young stranger’s situation, that I involuntarily advanced towards the door of her lodgings, but afraid of hurting her feelings by abruptly intruding upon her affliction, I there hesitated. I knew not, indeed, how to proceed. At length recollecting myself, I enquired for her maid. Alas! she had no maid; she had herself

been the only attendant of both father and mother. I prevailed upon the woman of the house to carry up a message, informing the fair mourner, that an English gentleman was below and wished to see her. The fond remembrances that rushed upon her mind at this unexpected intelligence, occasioned such a powerful revulsion of feeling as to overcome her senses. The fortitude that had supported her through all the trying scenes of sorrow, now so entirely forsook her, that she fainted away. The woman called to me for help, and I hastily entered the apartment. How striking was the scene that there presented itself to my view! The poor afflicted girl had sunk upon the bed that supported the lifeless body of her mother. Her cheek, pale as that of the corpse, pressed the clay-cold hand of her departed parent, while her snowy arm, thrown over the body, seemed in death to cling to the protectress of her youth. The
old

old woman being too feeble to give any effectual assistance, I took up the lovely creature in my arms, and carried her into the adjoining room, where I had at length the pleasure of seeing her restored to life and recollection.

“ Such, Henry, was my first interview with your dear, beloved, and ever-to-be lamented mother! Her gentle, generous, and grateful heart magnified the common exertions of humanity into deeds of extraordinary merit. I could not be unconscious of the interest I had in her affections, or remain insensible to the value of such a treasure. By a sympathy of tastes, views, and sentiments, our hearts were soon so firmly united, that the arrangements for our future life were formed without difficulty. Immediately after our nuptials we retired to my native village, where, having received ordination, I became the pastor of my father’s little flock, who I humbly hope will one day witness for me, that my
endeavours

endeavours to promote their temporal and eternal happiness have neither been lukewarm nor ineffectual!

“I need say nothing of our domestic felicity to the dear boy who has at once shared and augmented every pleasure of his parent’s heart; but shall only hint to you, that the full value of that home-felt happiness you have hitherto witnessed, will not probably be truly known till a more enlarged knowledge of the world shall enable you to make comparisons. Then, when you behold the misery of family dissensions, the heart-burnings of contention, and all the little gnawing sorrows which opposition of sentiments and difference in opinion create in the generality of houses, you will look back to the cheerful fire-side of your father, and say, with the wise king of Israel, surely, “Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.”

“On

“ On my return to England, I had forborne to make any enquiry about the supposed Lady Danvers; and the retirement in which we lived, precluded us from the possibility of receiving any intelligence concerning people who were in every respect so far removed from our own situation. When you were about five years old, I was called to the melancholy office of attending my friend Mr. Campbell in his last illness. I had been absent about a fortnight, when your mother was one day surprised by a carriage driving up to the door. As it was the first that had ever stopt at it, she was thrown into a considerable degree of alarm, and dreaded that something had befallen me, for of a visitor to herself she had not the least idea. A lady begged to see her, who was immediately admitted to the parlour. She at first appeared a little embarrassed; but soon recovered herself, and with a peculiar air of sweetness and affability informed my wife, that she
 was

was a near relation, and had formerly been an acquaintance of her husband's, and having been accidentally led to that part of the country, could not resist the inclination she felt of introducing herself to the partner of his affections, and embracing his little family. You soon caught her attention, and the ardour with which she pressed you to her bosom, while tears stole from her eyes, convinced my wife that she had a more than ordinary interest in him from whom you sprung.

"May I," asked my wife, with hesitation, "May I enquire the name of the lady who does my boy so much honour?"

"My name is, I suppose, quite unknown to you, Madam. *You* never, I dare say, heard of Maria Fielding?"

"Is it, then, Lady Danvers that I behold?" returned my wife, in astonishment.

"No," said Miss Fielding, equally astonished at such a supposition, "my name never has, nor ever will be changed."

"A

“A mutual explanation immediately took place. I need not tell you, how affecting to both these amiable women such an explanation must necessarily be. Equally noble, and equally generous, the sympathy of their affections served but to endear them to each other. Assured that my absence was still to be prolonged for another fortnight, Miss Fielding frankly accepted of my wife’s invitation to remain with her for a few days; and in that time made her the confidante of all that had befallen her since the hour of our separation. When they parted, it was with mutual regret, softened by the promise of punctual correspondence.

“Soon as Miss Fielding’s carriage was out of sight, you flew to your mother to shew her a pretty book with which she had presented you, when, at her desire, you had crept up to the carriage to give her another parting kiss. On opening it, a paper dropped out, addressed to *Master Henry Sydney*; it contained two
bank-

bank-notes for a hundred pounds each, and these words—*An annual gift from the most affectionate of friends to the child of her adoption.* You know the punctuality with which this annuity has ever since been paid, but you do not know the difficulty I made to accept of it, or the delicacy of the methods employed by this generous woman to reconcile me to the thoughts of my son's becoming the object of her bounty. We at length compromised the matter; I giving my consent to your receiving the annuity till you had finished your education; and Mrs. Fielding promising on her part to withdraw it as soon as you were established in a profession.

“I shall now satisfy your curiosity with regard to all that befel Miss Fielding from the period of my leaving Brierston:—

“When I so rashly credited the report of her marriage, I did not sufficiently consider the nature of love in such a breast as that of Maria Fielding's. In a mind like hers,

hers, this pure and delicate sentiment exalts the object of its attachment so far above the rest of the human race, that the idea of all that is deserving of esteem, admiration, or affection, becomes associated with its form. Mere passion is in its nature fickle and transitory, but an attachment such as I have described will bid defiance to time; and though it may submit to the control of reason, will, long after all the *passion* with which it was first connected has been obliterated, retain its influence over the breast. The woman who can *suddenly* and *lightly* change the object of her affections, may make what pretensions to sentiment and delicacy she pleases, but is in reality the slave of passions modesty would blush to own.

“ Not such was the pure and affectionate heart of Maria Fielding. In vain, after my departure did Lady Brierston load me with epithets of reproach, and endeavour to influence the mind of her cousin in my disfavour.

disfavour. She, with modest firmness, persisted in justifying my conduct, which, she candidly confessed, had not only gained her approbation, but rivetted her esteem. The confession of continued regard for me, was construed by her Ladyship into insolence and ingratitude; it aggravated her harshness, and rendered the capricious petulance of a temper, arrogant by nature, and callous from prosperity, every day more and more intolerable. All this Miss Fielding continued to endure with that christian meekness which blunts the arrows of malignity; and is the only true shield against the insults of the proud, and the sneers of the scornful. Instead of bemoaning the situation that subjected her to the bitterness of dependence, she considered it as an opportunity afforded by Providence for extending her knowledge of the human heart; and exerted herself to improve it into an increasing fund of wisdom and virtue.

“ Happy the mind,

“ That can translate the stubbornness of fortune

“ Into so quiet and so sweet a style!”

“ Notwithstanding the contempt which her Ladyship affected for the understanding of her cousin, she yet frequently felt herself obliged to yield to its ascendancy. This ascendancy was invariably made use of by Miss Fielding to promote the interests of the humble children of poverty, whose situations she frequently had it in her power to represent in such a light as procured for them that relief which may be wrung from unfeeling affluence by addressing its pride, when application would be made in vain to its charity.

“ This consideration would, probably, have retained Miss Fielding at Brierston, had not her refusal of the addresses of Sir William Danvers inflamed the resentment of her Ladyship to such a height, as rendered their separation inevitable. She then retired to a small village in the neighbourhood of —, where she was received as a boarder into the family of a respectable farmer.

“ Even

“Even here she found means of employing her time to the advantage of the little circle by which she was surrounded. By her instructions she improved the young; by her sympathy she consoled the unfortunate; and by her example of unrepining patience, humility, and piety, she edified all who came within the sphere of her observation. To raise a little fund for deeds of charity, she had recourse to her pen; and in this retirement she composed several little treatises, chiefly intended for the benefit of her own sex, and calculated to restore that intellectual vigour which the whole course of their present mode of education tends so effectually to destroy.

“Thus did she, by the exertions of a superior mind, transmute evil into good; and in a situation in which most of her sex would have indulged in a listless and low-spirited despondency, continue to give dignity to herself by the employment of her faculties, while she promoted the virtue and the happiness of others.

“ From this place she was recalled by the accounts of the melancholy situation of Lady Brierston. Her Ladyship, now in the second year of her widowhood, had, by a paralytic stroke, entirely lost the use of one side, and was become such an object of compassion, that the delicate nerves of her *friends* were too much shocked to bear the sight of her distress. She was, indeed, no sooner incapable of contributing to the amusement, or flattering the vanity of her former associates, than she found herself deserted and forlorn. Even the formal enquiries by which she was for some time mocked, were by degrees neglected; and she was left, without the consolation of beholding one pitying tear shed over her calamity, to the care of mercenaries, and the comfort of her own reflections.

“ In a heart like Miss Fielding’s, the sufferings of a fellow-creature never fail to annihilate the feelings of resentment. On the wings of gratitude and affection she flew

flew to the consolation of her former benefactress. She attended her with unceasing assiduity thro' the remaining tedious course of her disorder; bore with unshrinking patience the peevishness of a bad temper, rendered still more irascible by the pressure of disease; and cheerfully complied with all the whims and caprices to which a mind weakened by such a malady is subject.

“At length the death of her noble kinswoman released her from this very painful situation, and she was preparing to return to her former retirement; when, very unexpectedly, on examining her Ladyship's will, it was discovered that the assurances she had from every quarter received of having been cut off from all share in her fortune, were without foundation; but that, on the contrary, she was left sole heiress of all her great possessions.

“Of the use she has made of the noble fortune thus bequeathed her, you have heard too much of her deeds of charity to
be

be ignorant. May the prayers for her life that are every day put up from the grateful hearts of the indigent and afflicted, ascend to the throne of the Most High! and long may she continue to bless the world by her example, and to furnish it with a living instance of the efficacy of *fixed* and *steady* principles of virtue!

“Adieu, my dearest Henry. God bless you, and make me sensible of the blessing he has in you bestowed on your affectionate father, H. S.”

CHAP. XIII.

"Deep vers'd in books, and shallow in himself."

MILTON.

THE hour of dinner at Mrs. Fielding's had just been reported by the hall clock, as Henry Sydney knocked at the door. He found his patroness in the drawing-room, surrounded by a select party of friends, to all of whom she particularly presented him. Dinner being then announced, the company moved to the parlour, where it was some time before the attention due to her guests permitted Mrs. Fielding to address her young friend. At length she took an opportunity of enquiring whether he had seen the lady from

W—,

W——, who had that morning enquired for him at her house?

“You greatly astonish me, Madam!” said Henry; “I know of no lady from W——, nor have I been at my lodgings since twelve o’clock.”

‘Did the lady leave any message for Doctor Sydney?’ enquired Mrs. Fielding.

“No, Madam,” answered the servant, “she neither left any message, nor would she give her name; though the second time she called, I told her that as Doctor Sydney was to dine here, she might depend on my punctually delivering either.”

‘She then called twice,’ said Henry. ‘How do you know, Mr. Wetherby, that she came from W——?’

“She said so herself,” returned the butler; and that she need not leave her name, as you, sir, would not fail to discover it by the power of *tender sympathy*.”

The confusion of Henry was not a little augmented by observing the universal sim-

per occasioned by these words. Mrs. Fielding herself could scarcely forbear laughing: she, however, would not add to the evident distress of Henry, by giving way to the impulse. The same delicacy did not operate upon Mr. Sardon, the gentleman who sat opposite to Henry, who looking earnestly in his face, exclaimed, "And by the power of tender sympathy Dr. Sydney has discovered it. Oh, a parish-certificate could not have described the fair lady in language more intelligible! But pray, sir, is this the common stile of your visiting-cards in the country?"

Henry replied in some vexation, "that really his question was as unintelligible as the lady's message; he confessed he could comprehend neither the one nor the other."

"No!" returned Mr. Sardon; "and have you really no sort of guess who the dear creature is? Are there, then, so many from whom you would expect a similar message? What a happy man you are!"

' Upon

‘ Upon my honour,’ returned Henry, (whose earnestness to clear himself made the affair appear still more ridiculous) ‘ I declare I have not the least conception of who the lady is—and suppose it will all turn out to be a mere mistake.’

“ Poor lady!” cried Mr. Sardon, “ the little thought that eight and forty hours of London air could destroy the power of *tender sympathy* so effectually!”

In this manner did Mr. Sardon continue to amuse himself at the expence of Henry, during the time of dinner; just as the desert was put upon the table, a hackney-coach stopped at the door. “ Ah,” said Mr. Sardon, observing how anxiously Henry listened to the voices in the hall, “ I see, Doctor, the tender sympathies are not quite extinguished; they were only dormant—but spring to life at the knock of a hackney-coachman—as I live, here she comes!”

At that moment the voice of Miss Botherim distinctly reached the ears of Henry,
who

who heard her saying to the servant as he offered to conduct her to another room. 'I tell you I will go to him wherever he is, and have no objection to see Mrs. Fielding.' Petrified with astonishment he beheld her enter, when, after making a formal curtsy at the door, she immediately made up to him, saying, 'So, I have found you out at last!' The distress of Henry, as she approached towards him, is not to be described. He involuntarily shrunk from her approach. 'I knew you would be surprised,' said she, in a tone of tenderness; 'you were not prepared for the pleasure of seeing me so soon.'

"The pleasure is indeed very unexpected," said Henry, in great confusion. "Pray is Mrs. Botherim in town?"

'She in town!' cried Bridgetina, 'no, no; but I shall reserve all the interesting particulars of my leaving W—— for your private ear, in the mean time pray introduce me to Mrs. Fielding.'

Henry

Henry would rather have undertaken a journey to the Antipodes, but perceiving the astonished looks of his patroness, he thought it best to lose no time in announcing to her who Miss Botherim really was.

Mrs. Fielding, whose politeness flowed from a deeper source than the established rules of etiquette, and the fictitious forms of ceremony, received Miss Botherim not only with good-breeding, but with that complacency which is the offspring of good-nature. The very strange appearance of Miss Botherim, the deformity of her person, the fantastic singularity of her dress, rendered more conspicuous by the still stranger singularity of her manners, were to her benevolent heart so many motives to pity, and seemed alike to claim her compassion and protection. The abruptness of her intrusion she attributed to ignorance, and the extraordinary mode of her addressing Henry to simplicity, neither of which were, in her eyes, subjects of
ridicule;

ridicule; whose only true province she considered it to be to expose the arrogant pretensions of vanity, and to unmask the insidious designs of sophistry and deceit. She ordered a chair for Miss Botherim near her own, to the great relief of Henry, who was not a little ashamed of his very unwelcome visitor, whose unexpected appearance he was totally at a loss to explain. The behaviour of Mrs. Fielding gave the ton to her guests, some of whom were very much inclined to indulge their risibility at the appearance of Miss Botherim, till the stile of Mrs. Fielding's reception convinced them of the impropriety of such a behaviour. Mr. Sardon, indeed, could not forbear sily congratulating Henry on his uncommon felicity, and when the ladies retired, he still more unmercifully rallied him upon his enviable conquest.

Bridgetina, whom total want of observation rendered unconscious of any breach of the established forms and customs of society,

society, felt no pain from either bashfulness or embarrassment. She did not wait for an invitation to accompany the ladies to the drawing-room; but bent upon the prosecution of her plans with regard to Henry, she resolved without ceremony to remain at Mrs. Fielding's the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Fielding knew not what to make of her; she was distressed at the poor girl's thus exposing herself to the derision of her guests, but so unwilling to hurt her feelings, that she could not bring herself to wear the appearance of wishing for her departure. The gentlemen very soon followed the ladies to the drawing-room, where the circle was enlarged by additional visitors, it being an evening on which Mrs. Fielding was always known to be at home.

Henry was extremely vexed at perceiving Miss Botherim still of the party. Taking care to place himself at as great a distance

a distance from her as possible, he entered into immediate conversation with the person next him, avoiding to look the way she was; and though her eyes were fixed upon him from the moment of his entrance, happily for Henry no one could possibly follow their oblique glances to the object on which they darted their most tender beams.

“You are fond of the country, I presume, Madam;” said Mr. Sardon, placing his chair by Bridgetina. “I am greatly mistaken, if you will find the society of London at all congenial to your feelings.”

“Why so, Sir?”

“Because it is seldom agreeable to a person of refined sensibility.”

Bridgetina drew up her head, with a look of much approbation. Mr. Sardon continued: “In shady groves and purling streams there is something so soothing to a susceptible mind, so——.”

“A mind of great powers, Sir,” said Bridgetina, bridling, and interrupting him,

“is

‘is superior to the operation of physical causes. It is in no case to be influenced by surrounding objects. *A person of talents, in the midst of the most crowded street, can give full scope to his imagination.* I make no doubt, you, Sir, who appear to be possessed of no common abilities, have experienced the truth of this. Have you not laughed, and cried, and entered into nice calculations, and digested sagacious reasonings, and consulted by the aid of memory the books you have read, and projected others for the good of mankind, while taking a walk from Charing-Cross to Hyde-Park Corner;* and done it too as much at your ease as in the middle of your study?’

“Really, Madam, I cannot say that I have.”

‘No! Then I am mistaken in your character.’

“Perhaps,” rejoined Mr. Sardon with a smile, “the mistake is mutual; but I should

* See Godwin’s Enquirer.

be glad to know from what instance you do me the honour to infer me capable of such compleat abstraction?"

‘From no particular instance, but merely because such employment of the mind is common to every man of talents in walking the streets. *The dull man, indeed, goes straight forward; he observes if he meets with any of his acquaintance; he enquires respecting their health and their family; he glances at the shop-windows, and sees shoe-buckles and tea-urns. But a man of genius observes none of his acquaintance, makes no enquiries respecting their health or their families, looks at no shop-windows, nor sees either buckles or tea-urns, should they be ever so much in his way.*

“Bravo!” cried Mr. Sardon; “What an excellent criterion by which to judge of genius! But did you not say something about laughing and crying?”

‘Oh yes,’ returned Bridgetina, ‘I said ~~the man of talent~~, in walking the street, gives

gives full scope to his imagination. He laughs and cries. *Unindebted to the suggestions of surrounding objects, his whole soul is employed. In imagination he de-claims or describes; impressed with the deepest sympathy, or elevated to the loftiest rapture.**

Mr. Sardon was astonished at the fluency of her expression. He began to consider her as a very extraordinary character, and willing to pursue the conversation, expressed himself highly satisfied with her very accurate delineation of the different ways in which a dull man and a man of genius employed themselves while walking the streets. He then begged to know how they were to be distinguished in the country. Here, alas, Bridgetina was soon run aground. She had gone to the very end of her lesson; and was running away from the subject in a very unaccountable manner, when it was taken up by a lady near

* See Enquirer.

her,

her, who had attentively listened to the conversation.

‘I know not how to account for it,’ said Mrs. Mortimer, ‘but I have generally remarked that men of distinguished talents, who have always resided in the country, seldom deign to be agreeable in conversation; while in town, one daily meets with men of the first-rate abilities, who seem so totally unconscious of their own superiority, that one is neither pained by their reserve, nor mortified by their condescension.’

“You do not consider, my dear Madam,” said Mr. Sardon, “that the value of a commodity rises in proportion to its scarcity. The greatest scholar in the parish is too extraordinary a personage to demean himself after a common manner. When he deigns to speak, every word is a law, and every sentence the *ipse dixit* of infallibility. And would you expect such a sage as this to descend to chit-chat with a lady?”

‘Oh,

‘Oh, it is when he *descends*, that he offends me most,’ rejoined Mrs. Mortimer. ‘I could bear the most pompous display of his learning far better than the arrogance of his stupid and affected reserve, or the conceited air with which he lets himself down to the level of a female understanding.’

“The observation of Mrs. Mortimer (severe as it is) may, perhaps, be often applicable to mere scholars,” said Mrs. Fielding; “but I believe it will seldom be found deserved by men of refined taste, or real genius, however remote their situation. The cultivation of taste bestows a polish upon the mind, that seldom fails to form the manners to urbanity; but upon the whole, I must allow, that men of superior talents or information are generally much improved by mutual collision.”

‘I never mind the learned bears, for my share,’ said a young lady who sat by Bridgetina. ‘What I detest in the country

try is, the coterie of censorious old maids, established in every little town, who are everlastingly making their ill-natured remarks upon all that passes.*

“Permit me to rectify your mistake,” said Bridgetina; “and to inform you, that the censure of which you complain is the very perfection of human reason; and the persons who exercise it are the enlightened friends of the human race. When laws are abrogated, and governments dissolved, these old maids, whose censures are, from the depraved state of a distempered civilization, rendered unpalatable to a multitude of the present race of mankind, will keep the whole world in a moral dependence upon reason. Nor will old maids be then permitted to make a monopoly of censoriousness. A censure will then be exercised by every individual over the actions of his neighbour; a promptness to enquire into and judge them, will then be universal;*

* See Pol. Jus. vol. ii.

and

and every man will enjoy the advantage of deriving every possible assistance for correcting and moulding his conduct, by the perspicacity not of a few solitary old maids only, but of all his neighbours. Oh, happy time! Oh, blessed æra of felicity!"

"Oh wise, judicious, and enlightened maidens!" cried Mr. Sardon, "who have given the world such convincing proofs of the efficacy of censure, as have enabled the philosopher to make an estimate of its value! How greatly are mankind indebted to the accuracy of your observations, and the curious minuteness of your research!"

Though Mr. Sardon spake this in a tone sufficiently ironical, Bridgetina, totally unconscious of the irony, was much delighted with having such a champion to support her; and was taxing her memory for another harangue, when looking up, she observed Henry Sydney slipping out of the room.

“Doctor Sydney, Doctor Sydney,” cried she, out of breath with terror and perturbation, “you do not, I hope, intend to go away?”

“I am obliged to go, Madam;” returned Henry, still receding.

“What! leave me without one tender interchange of congenial sentiment! without giving me an opportunity of disburthening my full heart of one of the many thousand, thousand things I had to say!”

“If you leave your address, I shall do myself the honour of waiting on you before you leave town;” said Henry, hastily opening the door, and making his retreat as quickly as possible.

“Before I leave town!” repeated Bridgetina, following him to the head of the stairs.

“And is this like your protestations of affection? Is this conduct in unison with the ardour of your declaration of fervid love?”

Henry had reached the first landing-place, but at these words he turned. “Miss

Botherim,”

Botherim," said he rather sternly, "this is not the first time that you have seemed to make a point of teizing me. I must now, once for all, desire to know what your extraordinary conduct means?"

"Ah! Henry, too charming Henry, it is your conduct that is extraordinary; mine is the natural result of deep investigation, and the true principles of morals. Though you had never disclosed your passion, I should have followed you to town all the same; I——"

"Heavens! Miss Botherim, what is it you mean?" exclaimed Henry, who now saw with horror the mistake into which he had been betrayed. "You follow me to London, and follow me on pretence of my having disclosed a passion for you! A passion for *you*, Miss Botherim; I really have not patience for any thing so absurd."

"And can you deny all that you said at our last tender interview at the farm? What is become of that charming morbid

excess of sensibility and tenderness, with which you then confessed the fervour of your fierce consuming flame? Oh, how greedily I absorbed the delicious poison that flowed from the soft tongue of tender love! Oh!——”

“Miss Botherin, this is really too ridiculous. I well remember when we last met, that I was weak enough to suffer myself to be led into a confession of my attachment, not for you, indeed, but for one with whose sentiments you pretended to be intimately acquainted. It is impossible, utterly impossible that you could apply any thing I then said to yourself. The supposition is too injurious to your understanding. Why then pursue me in this manner? Why persist in tormenting me?”

“And is it, then, not with me that you are in love after all? How can I believe it *compatible with the nature of mind, that so many strong and reiterated efforts have produced no effect?* Is it possible that you
can

can intend to leave me a comfortless, solitary, shivering wanderer, in the dreary wilderness of human society? Ah! cruel Henry!"

"Really, Madam, if you take my advice, you will not long remain in the wilderness of London. You shall have my hearty wishes for your good journey back to the country. Pray shall I now desire Mrs. Fielding's footman to call a coach to take you home to your lodgings?" Without waiting for her permission, he instantly called the footman, and telling him to conduct Miss Botherin into the parlour till he could fetch her a coach, he hurried off in spite of her earnest entreaties to prolong the conference. It was fortunate for Bridgetina that Henry had presence of mind enough to prevent her return to the drawing-room, where she certainly would have done her utmost to expose both herself and him.

She no sooner heard the hall-door shut upon Henry than she threw herself into a chair,

chair, and to use her own expression, gave a vent to the high-wrought frenzied emotions of her troubled spirit. She bitterly bemoaned her unparalleled misfortunes, to which she applied every epithet in the vocabulary of sentimental misery, and was still struggling with the full tide of melancholy emotions, when the servant returned with the coach, "Tell Mrs. Fielding," said she to the footman, as he attended her to the coach; "tell her that I shall see her to-morrow, when I will repose my sorrows in her friendly bosom."

"Did you drop your bosom-friend, Ma'am?" said the footman, who thought he had not rightly heard her, "Give me leave to fetch it."

"Ah! you cannot fetch him!" said Bridgetina, heaving a deep sigh; "he will not come for you; he is hard and impenetrable as the marble rock; but I shall find a way to soften the obduracy of his flinty heart!"

The

The footman stood aghast; and when she told the coachman to drive to Charing-Cross, 'Better drive to Bedlam, I think!' exclaimed he; 'for sure I am, many honest souls are put in there that are not half so mad!'

HENRY Sydney, extremely anxious to exculpate himself to Mrs. Fielding from having any concern in the intrusion of Miss Robinson, impatiently hurried through the business of the morning, and presented himself at Hanover-square before three o'clock.

"Your coming is very agreeable," said Mrs. Fielding, "as I was just going to send for you. But, please, how very much fatigued you look; from your appearance one might suppose you had not been in bed since I saw you last."

"I myself own I have had a sleepless night, though I was in bed the usual time; to be sure, but as I have, since leaving

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

HENRY Sydney, extremely anxious to exculpate himself to Mrs. Fielding from having any concern in the intrusion of Miss Botherim, impatiently hurried through the business of the morning, and presented himself at Hanover-square before three o'clock.

“Your coming is very apropos,” said Mrs. Fielding, “as I was just going to send for you. But, bless me! how very much fatigued you look; from your appearance one might suppose you had not been in bed since I saw you last.”

‘I must own I have had a sleepless night, though I was in bed the usual time,’ replied Henry; ‘but as I have, since leaving it,

it, paid my respects to half the governors of the hospital, and been as far as Hackney and Homerton to deliver letters of introduction, my jaded appearance may be well accounted for. I should, indeed, have gone home to dress before I did myself the pleasure of waiting on you, had I not been impatient to make some apology for the extraordinary visit of Miss Botherim.'

"It was on this very account I wished to see you," returned Mrs. Fielding.

"She has been with me half the morning, and I must confess has not a little surprised me by what she has communicated."

"I know not what she has communicated to you, Madam," said Henry; "but I know I never was more astonished in my life than at her appearance; and, indeed, can neither account for that nor any part of her behaviour in any other way, than by supposing a degree of mental derangement."

"If

“If it be madness, yet there is method in it,” rejoined the lady. “Bizarre as she evidently is, and ridiculous as many of her notions appear to me, I must acknowledge, that if the account she this morning gave me of your conduct be founded in truth, you appear to me to have acted in a very indefensible manner.”

“It wounds me to the soul to find that you, Madam, can believe me capable of acting in a reprehensible manner in any instance; but with regard to Miss Botherim I solemnly assure you—”

“I need no assurances as to your intentions, Dr. Sydney; I can readily believe that you never meant any that were serious with regard to Miss Botherim, but I fear—I fear you are not to be so easily acquitted of the crime of amusing yourself with her credulity: a crime, which, however light and trifling it may appear, is in reality the very height of cruelty and injustice.”

‘ Believe

“Believe me, it is a conduct I have ever reprobated. You, Madam, cannot hold it in more abhorrence than I do. But had I even been inclined to practise it, Miss Botherim is the last woman in the world whom I should have thought of for furnishing amusement in any way.”

“You may certainly think I have no right to catechise you; but you must pardon me for putting you in mind of the last conversation you had with her before you left the country. Am I to believe that what she told me was all her invention?”

Henry coloured, hesitated, took up Mrs. Fielding’s work-bag, examined the embroidery, opened, and then drew the strings; opened and drew them again; then hastily throwing it aside, ‘I can give you no answer, Ma’am, that will not convict me of folly, credulity, and presumption. Yet as I would rather bear the imputation of weakness, than be thought capable of the conduct Miss Botherim has ascribed

ascribed to me, I shall frankly confess to you, that I suffered myself to be betrayed by her into a mistake which— which—?

“I perceive that the subject grows painful to you, and should be very sorry to distress you. I shall only, before we call another, beg leave to assure you, that it was not with a view to gratify an idle and impertinent curiosity that I introduced it. I am truly sorry for the dilemma into which you have drawn yourself; and in spite of her folly, cannot help being sorry for the poor girl, who is, indeed, likely to be the greatest sufferer. I hope, however, you have not gone so far as to wound your honour by retracting.”

“You, if you please, Madam, shall yourself be judge.——I have scarcely ever met with Miss Botherin since my return to W——, without receiving some obscure hint of her knowledge of the situation of my heart. “The galled deer winces,” and I shall not conceal from you, that I could

could not deny the justice of her suspicions. I frequently met the lovely girl, who ever has, and ever will be the sole object of my affections, in her company. And, though I cautiously endeavoured to conceal my heart-felt preference, found I had not done it so effectually as to escape the penetration of Miss Botherim. I contrived to parry her attacks upon the subject of my passion, till the day before I left W——; when, on hearing of my design of coming to London, she so roundly taxed me with cruelty in leaving one who was deservedly dear to me, in a state of suspense, that she extorted from me an avowal of my love, and a detail of the reasons that had hitherto sealed my lips upon the subject.

“ But how could Miss Botherim take this to herself?”

“ As to that, Madam, Miss Botherim alone can tell. Happily, the conversation passed in the presence of a third person, who, I make no doubt, will exculpate me
from

from saying a word to Miss Botherim, that credulity itself could construe into any thing beyond bare civility. My weakness, in having been duped into believing her the confidante of a woman of uncommon sense and penetration, it is not such an easy matter to vindicate.'

"That I may not be led into a similar mistake with poor Miss Botherim," said Mrs. Fielding, smiling, "I must beg to know the lady's name who is likely to be the innocent cause of so much mischief."

'Oh, that I could have the honour of introducing her to you, not only by name but in person,' returned Henry. 'Young as she is, and inferior as she may be deemed in point of situation, I glory in the proud certainty that you would in her's acknowledge a kindred mind.'

"The greatest compliment that I have received these twenty years, without doubt," replied Mrs. Fielding, bowing. "To be thought to have any resemblance to a young

young man's mistress, is an honour for which I cannot be too grateful. But you have not yet told me who this paragon is."

'Her name is, I believe, unknown to you. She is the rector of W——'s eldest daughter.'

"Daughter to Dr. Orwell?"

'Yes; the same.'

"I remember the Doctor well. He was only in deacon's orders at the time of my father's death, but had for three months done duty as his curate. He was a young man remarkable for piety and learning, and an excellent preacher; is he not?"

'Without appearing to aim at the graces of oratory, he possesses its essentials, and I believe was never heard with indifference. His sermons are of a piece with all his actions; they bear the sterling mark of sound wisdom, unaffected piety, and genuine benevolence.'

"What fortune does he give to his daughter?"

'His

His private fortune is, I believe, nothing; and his living (in order to avoid all disputes with his parishioners) he put it out of his power to raise. It is little more than three hundred a year; out of which he cannot be supposed to have saved much for his family.

“And pray, Sir, what right had you to fall in love with any lady without a fortune?”

“Alas! no right. But how is it possible to shield the heart from the admiration of excellence? Conscious, however, that a knowledge of my affection could but serve to involve the object of it as a sharer in my distress, in case I should have the misfortune of passing any considerable length of time unestablished in my profession, I determined to keep the secret locked within my bosom, till a tolerable prospect of success should enable me to reveal it without the imputation of temerity or presumption.”

“Mighty heroick, to be sure! And pray, were your looks and actions equally well guarded as your lips?”

“It is impossible for me to answer for them. In spite of my endeavours, perhaps, it was sometimes impossible to avoid betraying a preference so strongly felt.”

“And so you could play with this poor girl’s feelings; to gratify the inclination, or rather the vanity of the moment, you could excite her tenderness by a behaviour which might convince her of your decided partiality, and after having insidiously betrayed the affections of a grateful heart, you can satisfy your conscience, because, forsooth, you never spoke of love! Oh, Brutus is an honourable man!” So are ye all—all honourable men!”

Henry looked somewhat embarrassed. After a short pause, he resumed the conversation. “If I had not preferred her happiness to my own,” said he, “I should certainly not have left W—— without

endeavouring to engage her hand. But in my situation, what right had I to do so?"

"Then, my good friend, you had surely no right to behave in such a manner, as to give her reason to believe herself mistress of your affections. Looks and actions are frequently as unequivocal as words. Where they are known, and intended to be so, I do not see why in honour they ought not to be deemed as binding."

'With pleasure should I ratify every engagement mine have ever made; but, alas! far from having any reason to conclude that my attentions have made any impression on her heart, I have now much cause to fear that she will never listen to my vows.'

"Have you ever made the experiment?"

'In the belief that to Miss Botherim she had confessed some sentiments in my favour, (for so, fool that I was, did I construe what fell from that bundle of absurdity) I flew to Harriet, with a full intention of laying open to her my whole heart. She
received

received me with her usual sweetness; but when I would have talked of love, she absolutely refused to hear me, and having called her father, left me with a cold assurance of her continued friendship.'

“ And pray, if she had listened to you, what would have been the consequence? Years may elapse, before your profession enables you to maintain a wife in a stile of common decency. If you think of marrying till you are at least in possession of a clear five hundred a year—I cannot help being your relation—but remember, you are no longer to reckon me in the number of your friends.”

The solemn and positive manner in which Mrs. Fielding pronounced these words, seemed to prohibit all reply. Henry deeply sighed, and was silent. After a short pause, Mrs. Fielding, resuming her usual tone of affability, again reverted to the subject of Miss Botherim, in which she had not far proceeded, when the entrance of some vi-

sitors put a stop to the conversation, and gave Henry an opportunity of retiring. He immediately proceeded to his lodgings, which he entered with a heavy heart. He was so wrapt in thought, that it was a considerable time ere he perceived that two letters lay for him upon the table. One was directed by his sister's hand; with the other he was unacquainted. He gave the preference to the former, precipitately broke the seal, and read as follows.

clear five hundred a year—I cannot help
 being your relation—but remember, you
 are no longer to reckon me in the number
 of your friends. I was never in which
 The solemn and positive manner in which
 Mrs. Fisking pronounced these words,
 seemed to prohibit all reply. Henry deeply
 sighed, and was silent. After a short pause,
 Mrs. Fisking, retaining her usual tone of
 stability, again reverted to the subject of
 Miss Boringham, in which she had not far
 proceeded, when the entrance of some vi-

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

"Is there in human form that wears a heart,
 "A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 "That can with fludy'd, fly, ensnaring art
 "Betray sweet Julia's unsuspecting youth?
 "Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling, smooth!
 "Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
 "Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 "Points to the parents, fondling o'er their child,
 "Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!"

BURN!

"To Henry Sydney, M. D.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,

"SURELY the post was this morning
 much longer coming in than usual.
 I thought it never would have arrived.
 The long-wished-for sound of the little
 urchin's horn no sooner gave notice of his
 approach, than I threw on my shawl, and
 flew down to the post-office to demand
 the

the expected letter. I might as well have staid at home; for the bag could not be unsealed till the post-master had made an end of dipping. I was almost suffocated with the steams, but there in the little box cribbed from a corner of the tallow-chandler's shop, and dignified with the name of *Post-Office*, did I stand for half an hour, till the master of the ceremonies, begreased from head to foot, appeared. Nasty as he was, I believe I could have kissed him for my letter if he had given it me immediately; but quite insensible to my impatience, there did the wretch stand taking out letter by letter, spelling and putting together the names on every stupid scrawl, till at length, and at the very bottom of the bag, he pulled out your epistle in his dirty paw.

"That's mine!" cried I; "that's my brother's letter!"

"Stay, Miss, till I read the direction," said he, wiping his spectacles with the most provoking composure. "To Miss—"

Miss,

Miss, Sydney—Sydney; aye, I believe it is your's.

“I threw down the postage, snatched it from his hand, and hastily ran over the contents. Then, returning to my father, I enjoyed the sweetest of all pleasures—that of talking of the dearest object of my affection to one to whom the subject is no less grateful, no less interesting, than to myself.

“I hope we are not too sanguine with regard to your prospects, when we pronounce them more than tolerable; but upon this subject your father intends to write you more at large; and to him I shall leave the ample discussion of your plans, contenting myself with hearty wishes and ardent prayers for their success.—Happy am I in the heart-felt assurance that it is not in the power of time or absence, of prosperity or adversity, no, not even of that general damper of brotherly affection—a wife, to deprive me of the place I hold in my dearest brother's love.

“Apropos,

"Apropos, of a wife?—You cannot imagine how I have been alarmed by this strange unaccountable girl, Miss Botham, who yesterday evening very gravely assured me you had paid your addresses to her. I at first thought she was only in jest, but she continued to insist upon it so seriously, that I confess she made me very uneasy. I went to Harriet Orwell, to consult her upon the subject, and was indeed much relieved by her endearing sympathy. She felt for me as if the case had been her own. Indeed, if you had been her own brother, she could not have been more affected. But what friend must not have felt concerned at the thoughts of your throwing yourself away! Forgive me, but I really am not yet quite easy on the subject, and beg you will give me a full explanation of it in your next. I am called down to Harriet, who comes to take me out, so must bid you adieu till to-morrow; when, in the language of novelists, I shall resume my pen.

"I do

"I do not wait for to-morrow. I cannot. My heart is too full. And as I know my spirits are at present too much agitated to permit me to sleep, I shall try if by writing I cannot weary them into a state of greater tranquillity.

"O Henry, what a scene have I just now witnessed! Poor Captain Delmond! you may imagine better than I can describe the agony of his soul, when I tell you that he has lost his daughter! Yes, poor Julia is, as I greatly fear, lost to herself and to her friends for ever.

"On going down to Harriet Orwell, I found she wished me to accompany her to the farm to enquire for Julia; we immediately set out, but had not advanced many steps when we were met by Mrs. Gubbles, who informed us that Julia was expected home; and that it was indeed probable she might already have arrived at her father's. We then thought it proper to
change

change our route, and turned down to Capt. Delmond's. The Captain heard our voices in the hall, and sent down old Quinten to beg us to walk up to the dining-room, where we found him sitting in his wheeled chair, giving directions to the servants about placing a new sofa which had been just brought home, intended, as he told us, for the accommodation of Julia. 'The dear girl may, perhaps, be fatigued from her little journey,' said the fond and anxious father; 'and she may here repose herself without depriving us of the pleasure of her company.' He then made us walk into his dressing-room, which you know looks into the garden; there a field bed had been put up for Julia, to save her the trouble of going up and down stairs; and of that, and all the other little arrangements made for her reception, we were obliged to give our opinion, and highly did we delight him by our approbation. Mrs. Delmond was then out at market; she was to go for Julia after dinner, when the

Captain intreated we would return to him, and by our presence add to the pleasure poor Julia could not fail to experience, in returning home after so long and melancholy an absence.

“ We did not hesitate to accept of the old gentleman’s invitation, and went a little after five o’clock. With the Captain we found young Mr. Churchill, in whose carriage Mrs. Delmond was gone for Julia. He appeared little less interested than the Captain in the return of the fair invalid, and listened with no less assiduity for the signal of her approach. At length Quinten opened the dining-room door with a joyful countenance, “ The carriage is coming, sir; I see it; ’tis turned the corner of Job’s field, and will be here in a minute.” Capt. Delmond was in the middle of a sentence but could not proceed. He clasped his hands and listened, looking towards the window with an earnestness of expectation and pleasure, that it is impossible to describe.

scribe. The carriage rattled along the pavement. 'They should not drive so quick,' cried the Captain; 'they will shake the poor girl to pieces.'

"Mr. Churchill flew downstairs, as the carriage drove up to the door. Harriet followed him; I, too, involuntarily arose, but on a moment's reflection, returned to the Captain, whom I thought it would be cruel in me to leave, and resumed my seat beside him. The dining-room door was left open, so that we could distinctly hear all that passed below.

"The first sound that reached our ears was the voice of old Quinten, exclaiming in the most melancholy accent, 'Good God! what is become of my young mistress? Where is Miss Julia? Why is she not returned?'

"Captain Delmond sunk back in his chair. 'Oh! they have deceived me!' cried he, in the most sorrowful voice; 'my dear girl is not well enough to come home.'

home. Alas! I see she has been worse—
much worse than they ever told me!”

“I would have assured him he was mistaken, but my attention was attracted by the voice of Mrs. Delmond. What she said was too much broken by sobs to be distinctly heard. I trembled with apprehension and anxiety, but could not leave the unhappy father in order to satisfy myself. He pulled the bell again and again, but no one answered. It seemed as if every one was afraid of approaching him; too sure a proof of how unwelcome were the tidings they so much dreaded to announce. At length Quinten appeared; but oh, how altered was the expression of the old man’s countenance! When he attempted to speak, his pale lips quivered with a sort of convulsive motion, and the big drops chased each other down his weather-beaten cheeks.

“On your peril let me know the worst!” said Captain Delmond, in a voice scarcely articulate. “Is Julia ill? Is she dying?”

“Oh,

—“Oh, no, thank God! she is not ill; but—but—she is gone off!”

“Gone off! How? Where? With whom?”

“Gone off to London, I suppose,” returned Quinten; “with a sweetheart, ’tis most likely. Heavens grant he may be made of true stuff; and then all may be well again, please your Honour, soon.”

“Captain Delmond raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and threw himself back into the chair in speechless agony. Quinten proceeded: “Don’t let your Honour take it so to heart. Miss is indeed gone off without leave; but what then? If she has done half as well as your lady her mother did, when she ran off with your Honour, no one need pity her.”

“Captain Delmond took no notice of what he said; he did not even seem to hear him, but hastily enquired why he did not see his wife? Quinten then confessed, that his mistress was so ill as to be obliged to be
carried

carried into the parlour. Leaving Quinten with his master, I then ran down stairs to enquire after Mrs. Delmond; who, as I entered the front parlour, was just recovering from a violent hysteric fit. She was sensible only for a few minutes, when she relapsed into another more severe, and of longer duration than the former. Had it not been for the judicious and well-directed endeavours of the dear sensible Harriet, I question whether it might not have been nearly fatal. Soon as I beheld her open her eyes, I flew back to Captain Delmond, to inform him of her recovery. ‘You are very good, my dear,’ he said in a sort of hollow voice; ‘you, I hope, will never be the murderer of him who gave you being.’

“Tears now for the first time found their way to the afflicted father’s eyes; he wept bitterly. I stood in silence by his side; for what comfort had I to offer him? Could I desire him not to feel the wound
that

that pierced his soul? Could I palliate the offence of her who had fixed the keen dart of anguish in a father's heart? Impossible! The attempt would have been impertinent as vain. I thought it best to let the first strong emotion have free course, and out of respect to his feelings, I after a little time again went down to Mrs. Delmond. While I was on the last stairs, a heavy sigh from the back parlour attracted my attention. I then for the first time recollected Mr. Churchill, and on opening the parlour door, I there found him sitting; his elbows resting upon the table, and his clasped hands supporting his forehead. I stood for a minute before he observed me; and when he looked up, "Mr. Churchill," said I, without seeming to notice his confusion, "in what distress has this rash step of Julia's involved this unhappy family! Poor Captain Delmond! I do not think he will ever get the better of it."

'What

‘What a wretch I am,’ cried he, ‘in such a case to think only of myself! I will go to Captain Delmond. But what can I say to comfort him? Is not Julia gone? Is she not the prey of a villain? Ah! Julia, it is not my happiness alone that thou hast destroyed; thine, thine too, is gone for ever! Heaven knows with what care I should have cherished it. Oh, Miss Sydney, you know not how dear this charming creature was to my heart! For her alone I prized this accession of fortune, that is now become to me a vile thing, of no earthly use. For her—but you will scorn me for this weakness—let me go to her father.’ So saying, he passed me, and with slow steps proceeded to the dining-room, while I went to Mrs. Delmond.

“I found her better, but she did not speak till after some time, when Quinten came down to beg, that as soon as she was able she might go up stairs to his master. “What will become of me!” said she;

“oh, Miss Orwell, how shall I meet my poor husband! How shall I tell him the particulars of this sad affair!” She then threw herself on Harrier’s neck, and wept in such a manner, that I feared she would have relapsed into another fit. Indeed, I never should have believed that Mrs. Delmond could have felt so strongly on any occasion whatever. But I see there are wounds which the most apathetic must feel; sorrows which touch the bosom of the most insensible.

“We would have had her to go up alone, but she insisted upon our accompanying her. When we entered the dining-room, your friend Churchill, pale and agitated, was leaning on the Captain’s chair, in vain endeavouring to conceal the emotion that swelled his heart. Captain Delmond attempted to speak, but his voice was choked, and the words died away upon his lips; he held out his hand to his wife, who bathed it with her tears; we made

made her sit down beside him; but a considerable time elapsed before either could find utterance to the sensations that oppressed their souls.

“At length Captain Delmond begged to have a minute detail of all the circumstances concerning the event they so much deplored; and Mrs. Delmond, composing herself as much as possible, proceeded to relate, ‘that the last time she had been to see Julia, she was surprised to find that fellow Vallaton with her.’

“Vallaton!” exclaimed Capt. Delmond; “Is it then that villain, that infernal villain, who has seduced my child! A married man, too! O distraction!—If there be vengeance in heaven, it will strike him—proceed no further. I cannot bear it. My heart-strings are cracked already.” He heaved a convulsive groan, and I actually thought would have instantly expired. We with difficulty prevailed on him to taste of some cordial, which having a little

revived him, he desired Mrs. Delmond to proceed.

“She related, that at the time above-mentioned she thought the behaviour of Julia extremely flighty and odd; but that considering Vallaton in the light of a married man, she entertained not the least suspicion of him; though now that she looked back upon all that passed, she wondered at herself for being so very blind. ‘But how could I imagine,’ cried she, ‘that such a girl as Julia, so virtuous, so modest as she has ever been, so far from any forwardness or levity, should yet be capable of such vile wickedness? Oh, that I had died before she saw the light! Little did I think, that she, who was the pride of my heart, should live to become a curse to her that bore her!’

“Here poor Mrs. Delmond was again obliged to stop; and Julia’s maid Nancy having come into the room, I took the liberty of hinting to Captain Delmond that
the

the particulars he wanted might be learned of her, without putting Mrs. Delmond to the pain of recital.

“She accordingly was called, and briefly stated, that Mr. Vallaton, (who had, ever since Miss Botherim was with Julia, been her daily visitor) came in a post-chaise at nine that morning, and on stepping out, told her (Nancy) that he was come to fetch Miss Delmond home. He asked if her cloaths were packed? She told him no; for that Mrs. Delmond had informed her Miss was not to be sent for till the afternoon; but that she could put them up in a quarter of an hour. He desired her to make haste, and then went into the parlour to Miss Delmond, who was dressed, and ready for breakfast. She took in the teakettle some minutes after, and observed her young mistress in tears. Mr. Vallaton was speaking to her in a low voice, as if soothing her (or, in Nancy’s own words, coaxing her) to do something she did not quite approve.

approve. She could not distinctly hear all that he said, but the words *general utility*, *right reason*, and *true philosophy*, frequently met her ear; and once, in answer to something that Julia seemed to urge concerning her father, Mr. Vallaton expressed his wonder that she had not got the better of such *foolish prejudices*. Then turning to Nancy, he again bade her make haste, and put nothing up at present but Miss Delmond's clothes, as every thing else would be sent for afterwards. When all was ready, he took Julia's hand to lead her to the carriage, but she had not advanced many steps, when she grew sick, and was obliged to have hartshorn and water twice before she could proceed; at length Vallaton took her up in his arms, and lifted her in, jumping in after her; he desired Nancy to follow, and they drove off.

“To her great surprise, when they came to the cross, instead of going on to W——, they turned into the London road.

road. Julia then wept violently, and Vallaton, (the villain!) putting his arm round her waist, spoke to her in a low and soothing voice; he spoke in French, so that Nancy knew not what he said. When they arrived at ———, he told Julia she need not leave the carriage, as fresh horses were ready to be put to it immediately, and that he should speak to the landlord to take care of Nancy till the arrival of the stage-coach, when she should be taken back to the farm.

“And is my mistress not to go back to W——?” cried the poor girl, in an agony of grief. “Oh, do not let me leave you, my dear young lady. Pray take me with you; I will attend you wherever you go, and I will go with you to the very world’s end, if you will but permit me to serve you.”

“Julia leaning over her to Vallaton, who had by this time stepped out of the carriage, ‘Do, my good friend,’ said she, (while

(while the tears fell from her eyes) ‘do permit her to go with us—pray do. I shall want her assistance, and should be glad to have her with me. It would be a comfort to me—indeed it would.’

“I tell you, my love,” returned the wretch, “it is impossible; there are a thousand reasons against it. Come,” said he, taking the girl’s hand, and pulling her out of the carriage, “you only teize your mistress by your prate.” Then dragging her into a parlour, he told her she must return to the farm by the stage-coach, and there wait the arrival of Mrs. Delmond, who would take her home in the evening.

“And what am I to say to my mistress?” cried Nancy. “How shall I look her in the face, after what has happened?”

“And what has happened?” returned the wretch fiercely. The rest of his speech was too much above Nancy’s comprehension to enable her to detail it with exactness; she only knew it was about *the prejudices*

judices of society, and that he called her master *an old licenced murderer*; and said, that "it was Julia's duty to prefer his happiness to her father's, and that they were going to enlighten the world."——

Such was the substance of Nancy's narration, which received many interruptions from the cross questions and bitter exclamations of the heart-wounded parents.

"When she had finished, a silence of some minutes ensued, which was only interrupted by the deep sighs of Mrs. Delmond. The feelings of her husband seemed too acute for utterance; but in his countenance the agony of his soul was pourtrayed in colours stronger than imagination can paint, or it is in the power of words to describe. The recollection is engraven on every fibre of my heart; and when I attempt to sleep, (which I have done for some hours since I began this) the figure of the unhappy father swims before my eyes, and harrows up my soul.

Mrs,

“Mrs. Delmond, though she continued for the most part to weep in silence, could not forbear now and then to utter a reproachful exclamation against the ingratitude of Julia. “Good God! that she should suffer herself to become the prey of such a wretch, a low fellow whom nobody knows! a man who is not, perhaps, even in the rank of a gentleman!” These exclamations called forth a fearful burst of passion from the lips of Captain Delmond. ‘Let not the villain think he shall escape my vengeance!’ cried he, in a voice of frantic rage; ‘I shall pursue the base-born scoundrel, I shall make him answer for his villainy! I—’

“The recollection of his own enfeebled and helpless state then rushed upon his mind, and crushed his spirit to despair; he sunk back in his chair and burst into a flood of tears.

“Churchill eagerly seized his hand. “Permit me, sir,” cried he, “to pursue
the

the villain, give me your authority, and be assured you shall have a speedy account of him."

"And I too!" cried Quinten, all panting with eagerness. "Permit me to attend his honour, and old as I am I may be of some service. I shall let him know what it is to call an honest soldier, that fights for his King and country, a licensed murderer. The cowardly thief! the sneaking, smooth-tongued scoundrel! He must have dealt with the devil to bewitch my dear young lady; so wise as she was, and so dutiful!"

"Mr. Churchill again urged his request, and taking the emphatic squeeze which Captain Delmond gave his hand for a token of approbation, he flew down stairs, mounted his servant's horse, and ordering him to follow on one from the carriage, he rode off before any plan had been concerted for the conduct of his enterprize. Pray heaven he may not suffer from the generous forwardness of his gallant spirit!

"Oh,

“Oh, Julia, how have you thrown away your happiness! In the affections of Charles Churchill you might have been blessed indeed! But, poor, infatuated girl! what store of misery have you not prepared for yourself? When an awakened conscience tells you what you have inflicted on the authors of your being; when the remembrance of their thousand, thousand tender offices, their fond anxieties, their never-ceasing cares of love, shall tinge with deeper hue your black ingratitude, how must it sting your soul!

“Alas, Henry, while young, we little think—

“How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,

“To have a thankless child!”

But what shall we say to this sort of philosophy, which builds the fabrick of morals on a direktion of all the principles of natural affection, which cuts the ties of gratitude, and pretends to extend our benevolence by annihilating the sweet bonds of domestic

domestic attachment? Should this system prevail,—“ Relations dear, and all the charities of father, son, and brother,” would soon be no longer known. O for the spear of Ithuriel, whose potent touch made the lurking fiend appear in his proper shape, when, as I suppose, in the form of false philosophy, he attempts to instil into the heart of Mother Eve—

“ Distemper’d discontented thoughts,
“ Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
“ Blown up with high conceits engend’ring pride.”

“ May we, my dear brother, never suffer ourselves to be seduced from the plain path of piety and peace: may the blessing of our heavenly Father knit the bonds of our affection on earth, and at length reunite us a family of love in heaven!

Adieu! Your’s, most sincerely,
MARIA SYDNEY.”

“ P. S. I have just heard that Miss Botherim has likewise gone off to London. Surely, Harry—but it is impossible—you
can

can have no interest in her. Yet I cannot help being very much disturbed by this intelligence. For heaven's sake, write immediately. I hope in God you can clear yourself; if not, O Harry, how miserable! but I cannot, will not suppose it. Poor Mrs. Botherim is quite beside herself. Captain Delmond too is, I hear to-day very ill. The gout is flown to his stomach, and the symptoms appear dangerous. Should he die, what must be the feelings of Julia! Your father will write to-morrow. He and Dr. Orwell have both been with Captain Delmond all the morning.—Once more adieu!”

Henry did not read his sister's letter without experiencing a considerable degree of emotion. Hoping the other might give him some further information on the subject that had employed his sister's pen, he
hastily

hastily opened it, and casting his eye to the end, saw the name of Bridgetina Botherim. He pronounced an emphatic *phoh!* and threw it down; but recollecting that she might possibly know something of the elopement of Julia, in whose fate he was most sincerely interested, he again took it up, and read as follows:

“YOU tell me I have no share in your affection. You even hint that you love another; but you are mistaken if you think this makes any alteration in the decided part I have taken. No:—I have reasoned, I have investigated, I have philosophised upon the subject; and am more than ever determined to persevere in my attacks upon your heart. The desire of being beloved, of inspiring sympathy, is congenial to the human mind. I will inspire sympathy; nor can I believe it compatible with the nature of mind, that so many strong and reiterated efforts should be made in vain. *Man does right in pursuing*

*suing interest and pleasure. It argues no depravity. This is the fable of superstition.**
 My interest, my pleasure, is all centered in your affections; therefore I will pursue you, nor shall I give over the pursuit, say what you will. I know the power of argument, and that in the end the force of reason must prevail. Why should I despair of arguing you into love? Do I want energy? Am I deficient in eloquence?—No. On you, therefore, beloved and ah! too cruel Henry, on you shall all my energy and all my eloquence be exerted; and I make no doubt that in the end my perseverance shall be crowned with success. It is your mind I wish to conquer, and mind must yield to mind. Can the mind of my rival be compared with mine? Can she energize as I do? Does she discuss? Does she argue? Does she investigate with my powers? You cannot say so; and there-

* See Emma Courtney.

fore it plainly follows she is less worthy of your love.

“The apprehension of embarrassment with regard to fortune may be another obstacle that you may haply start. But this, likewise, I can obviate. Read the inclosed; and you will perceive that there is a scheme on foot, which will accelerate the progress of happiness and philosophy through the remotest regions of the habitable globe. Fly this dismal, dirty hogstye of depraved and corrupt civilization; and let us join ourselves to the enlightened race, who already possess all those essentials which philosophy teaches us to expect in the full meridian of the Age of Reason. Let us, my Henry, in the bosom of this happy people, who worship no God, who are free from the restraint of laws and forms of government, enjoy the blessings of equality and love. You will not then need to ‘look blank and disconsolate when you hear of the health of your friends.’ ‘Pain, VOL. II. D D sickness,

sickness, and anguish, will not then be your harvest; nor will you then, as now, 'rejoice to hear that they have fallen on any of your acquaintance.*' There are no physicians among the Hottentots.— There you shall enjoy the blessing of leisure; and the powers of your mind, not blunted by application to any particular science, shall germinate into general usefulness. Oh, happy time! and in that time happy, thrice happy, shall be your

"BRIDGETINA BOTHERIM."

* See the Characteristics of a Physician, in the Enquirer.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



[Cruttwell, Printer, Bath.]

